The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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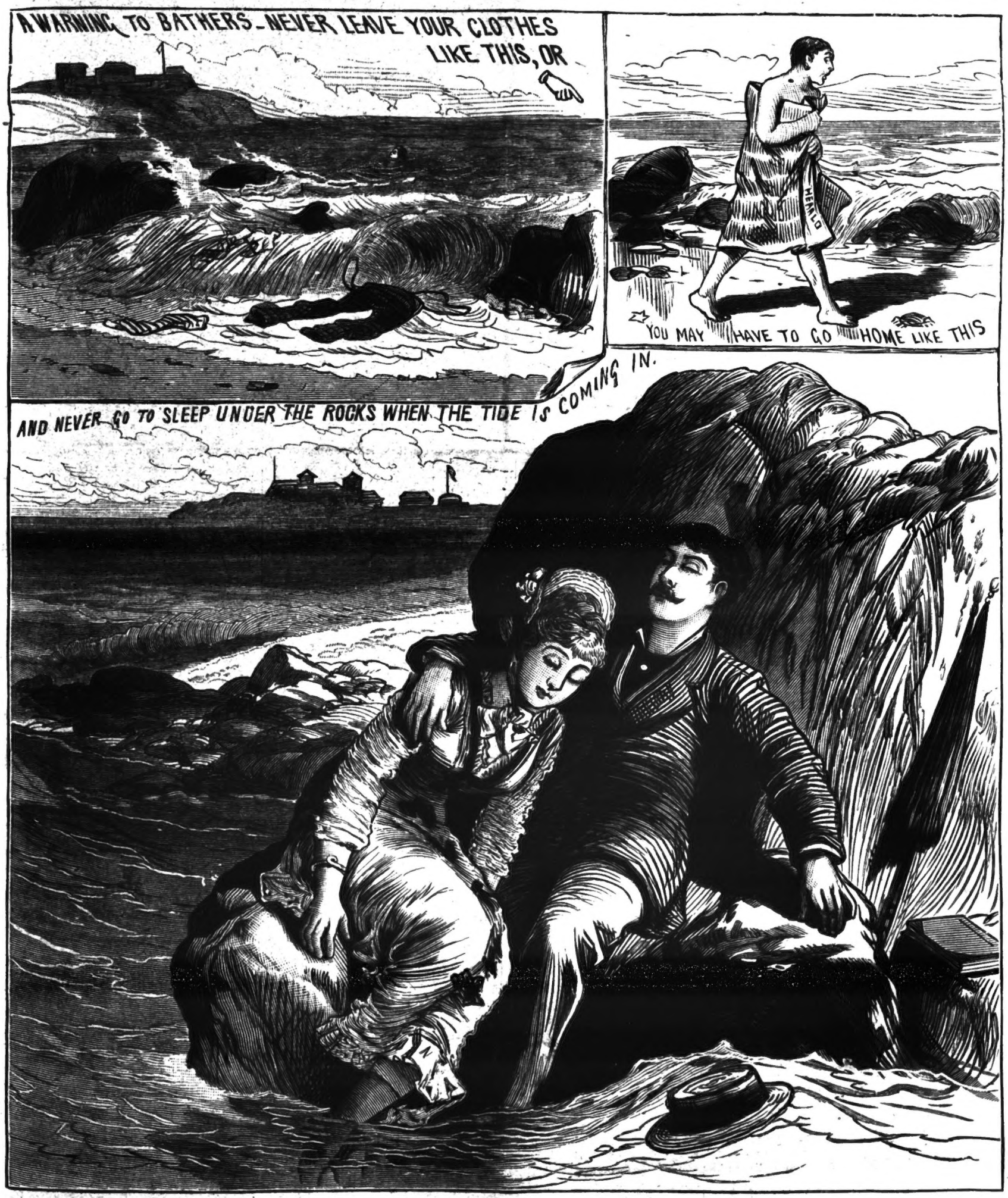
A WARNING TO BATHERS - NEVER LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES LIKE THIS, OR
HERALD
YOU MAY HAVE TO GO HOME LIKE THIS
AND NEVER GO TO SLEEP UNDER THE ROCKS WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

A CAUTION TO THOSE WHO TAKE THEIR ANNUAL BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. SHORE.—L. Reiff 143, S. Loates 137, and J. Reiff 124 in this order.

W. P. S.—Baldur (4yr) with 7st 11lb was first last year.

CONSTANT READER.—1. The contest took place at the National Sporting Club. 2. Yes.

C. MILBURN.—The amount of the purse was not stated.

H. GORDON.—Dave Sullivan was born at Cork, Ireland, May 10, 1877; his brother, "Spike" Sullivan, was born at Knockmanoffe, Ireland, on July 14, 1874.

A. F. MAXWELL.—A professional runner.

CRIB.—Two sevens, two eights, and a nine count twenty-four.

D A.—1. Cambridge won by twenty lengths. 2. Oxford won nine times in succession twice.

S. PROTHERO.—H.M.S. Dido photo too indistinct for publication.

W. S. MORGAN.—1. No relation; he is called "Young Corbett." 2. George Green.

C. AYRES.—Charley McKeever is 5ft 9in.

B. P.—Volodyovski's time is the quickest, 2min 40 4-5sec.

A. L. JARVIS.—At any athletic outfitters.

H. BRIMLEY.—The Duke of Portland is the biggest winner of any one season in stakes.

T. FRY.—Nat Langham was the only man who ever defeated Tom Sayers in the ring.

N. T.—The fastest time for the St. Leger is 3min 9 1-5sec.

J. JOSEPHS.—Yes, both Archer and Fordham have ridden six winners in one day.

MINTO.—1. Lady Elizabeth did not run in Hermit's Derby, but in Blue Gown's, 1868. 2. No.

A. J. (Rhondda).—1. Started favourite. 2. The amount is £7 17s 6d.

J. C. ELSTON.—An error in play, but B loses all the same.

A. TOWER.—6min 23sec, by W. Perkins.

W. LILLY.—At Alexandra Park.

JACK HICKS (Mile End Road).—The race for veterans was ran on Monday, November 18, 1892, at Stamford Bridge Grounds, "Choppy" Warburton (disqualified), 1; W. Shipley, 2; and R. Bullivant, 3.

E. B.—Shotover, the winner of the Derby, 1882, was not a filly.

W. H. HUMPHREYS.—R.M.S. Braemar Castle; the photo sent to us is too indistinct for reproduction.

T. H. PIPER.—The shortest bare knuckle battle on record was between Tom Daw and Ned Kiley, the former winning in seven seconds. The battle took place at Leavenworth Kan., January 24, 1868.

"CARNO."—The photograph is not good enough to be reproduced.

H. CAMIS.—The photograph has not been received.

GEORGE BROWN (Dumbarton).—Two guards for the face, right and left; two guards for the body, right and left, and the double guard (both hands being almost brought together), both for the head and pit of the stomach. As we have said before, the cleverest boxers are those who have taken to the game naturally, like ducks to water.

M. M. (Ireland).—Your knowledge of ring history is so scanty that we almost despair of you. As for Mace meeting Coburn in Ireland, would you fight if your opponent's uncle was nominated referee. In our opinion, at this time, Jem, with fair play, could have beaten two Coburns.

J. RICHARDSON.—No charge is made.

P. S.—He is about twenty-four years of age.

(Several Answers crowded out).

TRAMPS IN THE BOXING WORLD: SOME ANCIENT PUGILISTIC HISTORY VERY PERTINENT TO MODERN BOXING.

THE MOST RECENT CHALLENGERS OF JACK O'BRIEN: JOE GODDARD AND JEFF THORNE THEY MUST REGARD THE MATCH, NEUMIER v. O'BRIEN, AS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION, OR WHY LEAVE NEUMIER IN THE COLD?

THE RESPECTIVE CHANCES OF JOE GODDARD AND JEFF THORNE IN A MEETING WITH JACK O'BRIEN.

A NORTHERN BANTAM MATCH WHICH IS NOT A MATCH.

THERE are tramps in every grade of life. There are tramp steamers, journeymen tramps, and tramping boxers. In the old days it is recorded that when old Jem Ward was under a cloud through a supposed cross with a pugilist named Abbott, he travelled, or, rather, tramped the country in conjunction with two other pugilists, George Weston and Maurice Delay, and fought several battles, in the character of a countryman, for the purses given at the different fairs, which events in the days of old were far more numerous than the letters in the alphabet; Maurice Delay was one of the handsomest and most athletic men who ever entered the ring. It was in the character of a yokel that Jem Ward doffed his smock frock on Wimbledon Common and fought the afterwards celebrated Ned Baldwin, otherwise "White-headed Bob," for a purse of £5. Jem, by his superb two-handed fighting, defeated one of the best men under twelve stone who ever entered the ring in the space of nineteen minutes, during which time nineteen rounds were fought. The Corinthians who saw this fight were so electrified with Ward's splendid fighting that when they discovered who the supposed yokel was they took him to their arms again and condoned his cross with Abbott. Maurice Delay, Jem Ward's tramping pal, thought if Jem could beat the "white-headed" one with such ease he would have an undeniable good chance. So a match was made between Maurice Delay and Ned Baldwin for £50 a side, the men meeting at Moulsey Hurst on February 11, 1824, just a twelvemonth after Jem Ward had disposed of Baldwin. There is such a thing as class, however, and Baldwin, who fought a terrific battle, defeated Delay after twenty-five rounds had been fought in 42min. After this battle Delay went completely wrong, and became what his fine appearance fitted him for, a lumberer and magsman. Cy. Davis and his family for the best part of a century kept a pub. in Giltspur Street, Newgate Street, close to Smithfield Market. In the old days wealthy graziers used the house in large numbers, and Delay reaped a fine harvest out of their credulity. He would bet a greenhorn a fiver or a tenner that he could not sing "God Save the King" up the flue of the big kitchen chimney, the penalty being a loss if he pulled his head down during the singing of the song. Meantime Delay would decamp with the plunder. It was no use to tell the victim, who would keep on roaring the stave up the chimney, that he was being duped, until finding that his man had flown, the victim's only compensation being a black face and a mouth full of soot. Maurice Delay was eventually "boated"—that is, transported—and his descendants, if he had any, may no doubt be our most respected colonials. We may say that as late as 1892 the name of Davis, who, by the bye, was a cousin to Jem Belcher, stood over the door of the house in Giltspur Street, this house having been in possession of the family over seventy years. Strange to say, "White-headed Bob," who met within twelve months the two travelling tramps, Jem Ward and Maurice Delay, died at Ben Caunt's old house, the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, of which Ned Baldwin was at that time the proprietor, in 1831. To show the sort of man "White-headed Bob" was he met Jem Ward, Maurice Delay, Ned Neale (the Streatham youth) three times, "Gipsey" Cooper (afterwards transported), Jem Burn ("My Nevvy") twice, and remember all the above were champions. Ned Baldwin being a fine young fellow (fine young fellows as pugilists were in the majority in those days) became a member of the fastest set in London, which was composed of such warm members as Lord Petersham, the "Golden Ball," a gentleman named Ball, who spent his money among pugilists so regally that he was known by the above appellation, and Mr. Peagreen Hayne, who was known as the "Silver Ball." These and others so conduced to the downfall of poor "White-headed Bob" that, born in 1803, he died in 1831, or twenty-eight years of age. The same thing conduced to the death of Hooper, the Tinman, who bullied for a wild set led by Lord Barrymore; the same for "Young Dutch Sam," the same for "Deaf" Burke, and the same for many others. This gossip about tramping pugilists has made us almost forget the tramping boxer. In these days of steam, electricity, and progress, instead of tramping from village to village in the once broad lands of Merrie England, he now visits continents. One day we read of him in Australia, another we read of him in America, and anon we read of him in "Afric's distant shore." As the gold miners rushed to every new discovery of gold, so our tramping boxers rush to every portion of the habitable globe where there is a demand for their services. At present the Bendigo of the boxing world is Newcastle, England. That a purse of the magnitude of £315 has been given by a boxing promoter for a contest between Jack O'Brien and Harry Neumier has found its way to America, and instantly two tramping boxers, Jeff Thorne, otherwise Townsends late of England, now of America, and Joe Goddard, late of Australia but now of America, are eager to contend with O'Brien, for they reason thuswise. If a purse of £315 is given for an almost absolute certainty between Jack O'Brien and Harry Neumier, boxing must be flourishing in this district, and no doubt we could command a sum much in excess of this. Thus think O'Brien's challengers from America, and with some amount of reason. Should Joe Goddard's challenge find acceptance with Jack O'Brien it will remind us of the meeting between Charley Davis (Michel), the scientific young Jew, who fought Ted Napper, and old Tom Allen. Tom Allen was just as much older than Charley Davis than Joe Goddard, the "Barrier Champion," is of Jack O'Brien. When the match was made old ringsiders ridiculed the idea of Charley Davis, who had gone the pace since his meeting with Ted Napper, and was but a glove fighter at the best, making any headway against such a tough bit of fighting goods as Tom Allen, who was quite the equal in his day of Joe Goss, of England, or Joe Coborn, of America. When the men came upon the stage it looked dollars to doughnuts on Tom Allen. One was a war-worn veteran with a bald head, while the youth (Charley Davis), who looked more like a masher than a fighter, appeared years younger. Old Tom Allen was inclined to treat Davis leniently until old Jack Baldock (now grey and near-sighted), who was seconding Charley Davis, cried out, "Go and hit your father in the belly." This remark so roused Tom Allen that he went for Charley Davis hand over fist, smashing up all the young Jew's pretensions as a fighter, and winning, when real fighting commenced, in a walk. We don't know what would be the result of a meeting with O'Brien and the Barrier Champion, but as far as age is concerned it would be like history repeating itself, and a case of Tom Allen and Charley Davis redivivus. Now the other challenger of Jack O'Brien is a young man not much older than Jack and a pronounced athlete. Before Townsend, or Jeff Thorne, as he is pleased to denominate himself, joined the Goldsmiths' Institute, from which club he graduated as middle-weight and heavy-weight amateur champion, he was a sculler of no mean ability. Like so many of our successful boxers, Fitzsimmons' Townsend's late sparring partner, included, Townsend was brought up to a very hardy trade, he being an engineer, working very hard at the bench and lathe. When Townsend, before his advent in America, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE he submitted himself for our inspection, and he appeared to be the hardest fleshed middle-weight we had ever had under our notice. It was no surprise to us when this same amateur boxing champion Townsend made his début, under the nom de guerre of Thorne, in America, and had a trial given him at which our American representative was a spectator, to find that he totally upset the qualifications of his opponent, an American boxer named Fisher, to first-class form. It was not expected that a comparative amateur like Townsend could make headway against such a superb master of the art as Bob Fitzsimmons; but Bob, after drubbing the aspiring amateur soundly to let him know that he (Bob) was master and he (Townsend) was the man, took the ex-amateur with him on the road and made him his sparring pard. We should think the Newcastle people are getting a bit tired of these weekly boxing matches for big purses, and would hail with delight a match between two such middle-weights as Jack O'Brien (which is not his name) and Jeff Thorne (which is not his name). We were present at Newcastle when the mass of human faces as seen from the People's Palace on the occasion of the Dobbs v. Burge contest almost appalled us, and we believe this muster, great as it was, comprising as near as possible four thousand persons, would be as nothing to the number which would assemble for a straightaway contest between two such middle-weights as Jack O'Brien and Jeff Thorne.

With Jack Walker, of Paddington, and Matt Precious, of Birmingham, in the field we think, notwithstanding the weight Harry McDermott would be called upon to give away, the contest would be far more satisfactory than a contest between Charley Exall and Harry McDermott. Charley Exall is but a third-rater without any scientific pretensions, simply a slogger, while most persons who follow boxing know what an awful mess this same Harry McDermott made of the clever Clerkenwell lad, Jack Guyon, when he was taken down to Newcastle by a northern promoter and matched against the northern bantam champion. With very few exceptions the matches recently made in the north have been of the most one-sided description. Men are put together without any regard to form; but there, what does it matter as long as there are mugs willing to part with their bobs and dollars to witness such contests.

ANNIE OAKLEY.

Little Sure Shot, who is Travelling with Buffalo Bill.

(With Portrait.)

THE most marvellous female rifle shot in the world is Miss Annie Oakley, who gives exhibitions of her skill every day with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. She is truly a marvel with the rifle, and her work is very entertaining.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Jack Grace (Brooklyn).
Professor Coll (late of South Africa).
Charley Ryder.
Mr. Arnold.
Mr. Bentley.
J. Lawton.
Bill Stonelake.
George Slark.
Harry Carrington.
"Natty" Williams (7st champion)
N. Arnold.
L. Bentley.
J. Lawton.
T. Thorne.
W. Williams.
E. Mitchell.
Louis Geisler (champion ball puncher)
Corporal Bill Ham.
Sammy Kelly (New York).
Tommy Head.
Charley Cross.
Nelson Toombs.
Wolff Bendoff.
Alf Bannister.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, June 15, 1901.

The Editor, Mirror of Life, London.

With two victims added to his noteworthy list, victorious and looking the picture of health, Terry McGovern returned to town last night from San Francisco. He was accompanied by his wife, his manager, Sam Harris, Joe Humphreys and Danny Dougherty, his sparring partner. Dougherty left the party at Philadelphia, his home. McGovern was met at the depot by a crowd of friends. A delegation from the Terry McGovern Association of Brooklyn escorted him to the rooms of the club, Twenty-second Street and Third Avenue, where a banquet in his honour was held last night. Of course the little champion had to make a speech. McGovern said, regarding his future plans: "I am glad to get back, but I must say that I was royally treated in California, and will not forget the many friends I made out there. I had two fights at 'Frisco, as you know, and won them both. Oscar Gardiner was a disappointment. He did not put up such a good fight as I expected he would. On the other hand, my contest with Aurelia Herrera, the Spaniard, was a stiff one. Although many persons have raised a cry that this affair was prearranged, I wish to state that this is not the case. He was out to whip me if he could, and if you saw him coming with those swings and jabs as I did you would agree with me that he wanted to put me out of the business. He always had a dangerous punch left. He can lick a lot of the so-called 'feathers' hereabouts, and whenever he fights them I will have a bet on the Spaniard. I licked him as quick as I could, and was not holding out according to orders, as some papers had it. I have no matches on at present. It is my intention to take a rest, which I think I deserve. I made about $25,000 at 'Frisco, not counting money for appearing with my show. I will not fight anyone until I meet the winner of the Heggerty-Callahan 'go.' Of course this contest will be decided at the Twentieth Century A.C." When asked what he intends to do regarding a battle with Dave Sullivan, Terry said: "He can have a fight with me at any time or place he chooses. It would tickle me considerably to get him into the ring with me." As to fighting Heggerty, McGovern said that he was willing to meet the Australian, but the latter wanted more time in which to train, to which Terry would not consent, as he was anxious to get back East.

At Baltimore, the fight last night at the Germania Maennerchor Hall between "Mysterious Billy" Smith and Young Peter Jackson lasted exactly two rounds, with Jackson as the winner. Only a fair-sized crowd was present, and the contest had but few redeeming features. When Smith entered the ring he looked more fit to take the place of a fat boy in a circus than he did to enter into a boxing contest. It was evident that he had not spent a day's training for the contest. Jackson, on the other hand, looked well. At the tap of the gong Jackson took the aggressive and kept it up, leading, but failing to land effectively, when suddenly Smith's right caught the negro on the jaw, sending him to the floor. Jackson was up in five seconds. Smith then began playing for the stomach, and landed several times. In the second round Smith landed a right on Jackson's stomach that bent the negro double. Smith tried to follow it up, but Peter clinched. Suddenly Jackson crossed his right on Smith's jaw and placed his left on the wind. They clinched and threw science to the wind, and went slam-bang at each other. At the end of the round Smith was so exhausted that his seconds threw up the sponge.

At New Britain several thousand persons assembled at the Casino Monday night to witness one of the best fighting cards ever pulled off in that city. Sports from Hartford, New Haven, Meriden and Bristol were present. John Willis was referee. The first bout was an easy victory for "Kid" Lawson, of Hartford, who knocked out Mark Wheeler, of this place, in the second round. They were billed for six rounds at 110 pounds. The second "go" was a savage contest between Danny Duane and Jim Riley, of Brooklyn. They fought twelve rounds at 133 pounds. Duane was the master at all stages of the contest, and sent Riley to the canvass a dozen times. He was unable to put him out, however, but got the decision on points. The final bout for twenty rounds between Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, and Austin Rice, of New London, at 118 pounds, went the limit, the decision being given to Rice on points. Feltz stood to his work like a Trojan, and fought every minute, but he was wild, and missed his leads frequently. Rice, an old general, waited for his opportunity, and landed almost at will. He never showed to better advantage in any of his recent bouts. Feltz received a lot of punishment, and fought as fiercely in the last round as in the first.

At Paterson, a bloody battle for a purse of $200 took place Monday night on the outskirts of the city. The principals were "Kid" Hogan, of Paterson, and Jack Woolan, of Philadelphia. The conditions were that the men should weigh in at 128 pounds, but Woolan was about ten pounds overweight. The friends of Hogan, however, were satisfied to waive the forfeit. The contest took place in a barn, and was witnessed by about 200 sports. During the first twelve rounds Woolan did most of the fighting, and Hogan was badly bruised. Blood from Hogan's mouth and nose was spattered over the ring, and both eyes were almost closed. In the thirteenth round, however, Hogan regained his strength, and gradually overcome the disadvantages in the earlier rounds. In the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth rounds Woolan was almost out, the bell alone saving him. At the end of the twentieth round both men were so weak that it was agreed to declare the contest a draw.

Bob Fitzsimmons was going to be a wrestler, but now he isn't. Maybe it was Tom Sharkey's abrupt end at the game on Tuesday night that caused Fitz's change of mind. But whatever it was, Fitz is now sorry such a story gained circulation. If Fitz knew the fellows that started the story the lanky fighter might take part in just one more fight. That is how angry he is about it.

Vivian Nickalls, the well-known English amateur oarsman, was one of the passengers on the White Star Liner, Oceanic. He has practically retired from rowing, and is now the senior member of the London Stock Exchange house of Vivian Nickalls and Co. "I came out principally on business," said Mr. Nickalls, yesterday, "but I shall have a look at the crews on the Thames and at Poughkeepsie. As for business, I came to look over the field in Wall Street, and, if things are favourable, I think I may go into business here, become one of you, and close my London office. I got a sample of American methods and enterprise in that Northern Pacific transaction. I thought I'd come over and have a look around on the spot, and, if I think I can keep up with the procession, I'll join it. But I'll have a lot to learn, because trading here is quite different from trading in London." When asked if he would do any coaching for any of the college crews, Mr. Nickalls said: "Oh my, no. I wouldn't be able to do that. I want to run up to Gale's Ferry and look at the Yale men, and then go to the Harvard quarters, just to see the men work. If I get a chance I might do a little sculling just to limber my old bones." "Who'll win the Diamond Sculls?" "It depends on whether your countryman, Howell, starts or not. If he starts he'll win handily. If he doesn't, and there was some doubt about it when I left, I think young Fox will win. He's awfully fast just now." "What sort of a chance would Howell have against your brother Guy?" "He'd get beaten. Guy could beat him handily, but against your young oarsman, Ten Eyck, it might be different. Young Ten Eyck is the best American oarsman ever seen in England. He's wonderfully fast; and a race between him and my brother would be very close." Vivian Nickalls won the Diamond Sculls, the badge of the champion amateur sculler in England, in 1891, when he was a student at Oxford. His brother, Guy, the most famous of English amateur oarsmen, won the sculls more times than any other sculler. He won the trophy in 1888, 1889, 1890, 1893 and 1894.

Last Sunday, from Gloucester, Mass., Capt. Howard Blackburn, started on his long voyage across the Atlantic to Lisbon in his little sloop at 2.15. This is not the first time the mariner has faced a lonely voyage. Two years ago he sailed from this port to Gloucester, England, in a 31 ft. sloop, called the Great Western, and for the last year he has been trying to get some one to race him across in a boat not longer than 25 ft., but he could not find a man willing to undertake it. The boat which Capt. Blackburn hopes will land him safely in Portugal is the Great Republic. The craft is only 25 ft. long, and is practically more than a big dory decked over half way to the stern. He carries a quantity of canned meat and vegetables, salt pork, dried fish, and crackers in sealed tins, and in the cockpit there are water tanks having a capacity of fifty gallons. He will not follow the course of ocean liners, but will head direct for Lisbon, and expects to reach his destination in about forty-five days. He will sleep eight hours a day, mainly during the afternoon, and keep a sharp look-out at night. When the Great Republic left her moorings off the East Gloucester Yacht Club she was escorted down the harbour and out beyond Eastern Point by a fleet of thirty craft. There was a fair wind blowing from the north-west, and, waving a final farewell, Capt. Blackburn turned his back to the sun and was soon lost on the horizon.

Irving K. Baxter, the New York A.C. and University of Pennsylvania high jumper, will arrive in England ere this reaches you. He holds the American and English championships at his speciality, and is going abroad to defend his title to the latter at Huddersfield on July 6. This should be an easy task. The Irish jumper, P. J. Leahy, who was able to clear 6ft 4in last season, failed at 5ft 9½in in the recent Irish championships, and there is no other high jumper in Great Britain equal to 6ft. Baxter cleared 6ft 2in when he won the English championship last year, and at the international games at Paris won first place with 6ft 2 4-5in. A. F. Duffy, of Georgetown, said on Saturday that he would start in time to run at the English championship meeting, and as the holders are allowed to compete without sending a formal entry there is a prospect of other Americans who won honours last year going over for the games.

Tom Sharkey may be a good fighter, but as a wrestler, well, he's not in it. The ex-sailor endeavoured to stay an hour on the mat with Tom Jenkins last Tuesday night, before the latter could secure two falls, but the Irishman might just as well have attempted to play a Shakesperian rôle in competition with Henry Irving. Tom was easy, so easy in fact that it was just a warm-up for Jenkins, who makes his living by the grappling game. The two Toms got together before fully 8,000 people, and, of course, the New Yorker tried to show just what he could do. After about fifteen minutes' fiddling he assumed the aggressive. Then he met his finish, for in just nineteen minutes Jenkins had him prone on the floor. In the second bout Tom worked hard, and evaded Jenkins's hard holds several times, but the fighter had to give way before an upright double Nelson hold in twenty-one minutes, and the match was Jenkins's. No, Sharkey didn't say he wanted another match.

THE TATTLER.

DICK WARD.

A Heavy-Weight Boxer, of Liverpool.

(With Portrait.)

Dick Ward is twenty-two years of age, weighs 14st, and is 5ft 11in; commenced boxing two years ago, when he won two competitions, and won a heavy-weight competition at Leeds; beat Jack Graham in 3rds; beat Yorky in 4rds; beat Joe Dover; beat C. Jones; fought A. August, 6rds; boxed a four rounds trial with "Punch" Vaughan; beat H. Morris in 1rd; won three heavy-weight competitions in wrestling; wrestled Tom McInerny; also won prizes in running, and dancing in Lancashire style.

LACHIE THOMSON,

Of Glasgow, who Met Jack Palmer at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday Evening, June 24.

(With Portrait.)

Lachie Thomson, who for twelve months has been serving with the South African Light Horse, under General Sir Redvers Buller, in South Africa, arrived in England a few months ago. He was lucky enough to get through the campaign without mishap, and looks as hard as nails. He took part in the dash on Ladysmith and nearly all the engagements preceding the relief of the beleaguered town. Thomson met Jack Palmer at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday evening, June 24, and was knocked out in 5rds.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The following letters are now lying at The Mirror of Life office, and will be forwarded on receipt of stamped addressed envelope:—

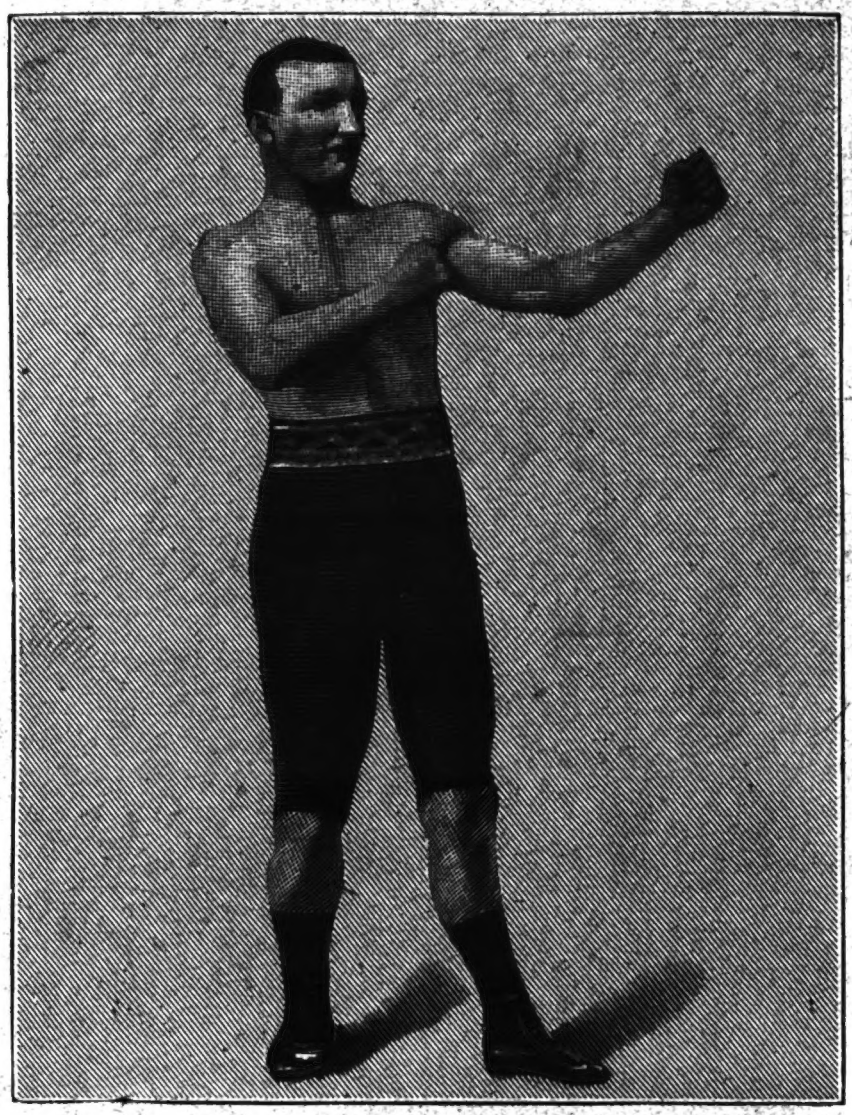
James Davenport (Boston, U.S.A.) (two).
Sammy Kelly (New York) (three).
"Gal" Hague.
Willie Curley (Newcastle).
Felix Rose (pugilist, of Leeds).
Jemmy Davies.
Tom Burrows (Australia).
Frank Gess.
Harry Smith.
Billy Ross (two).
"Kid" Johnson (America).
Professor G. C. Campbell.
Fred Higgins.
Pat Daly.
T. Naish.
Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler").
Bobby Dobbs (America) (three).
Frank Leon (two).
Joe Gans (Baltimore) (two).
Frank Lowry (two).
John Bell.
Freeman Martin.
P. I. Newell.
"Greek" George.
H. Chance Newton.
Jem Corbett (New York).
Ernie Greaves.
Bob Fitzsimmons (New York) (three).
Charles Connolly.
Jem Holloway (South Africa).
Jem Hall (Australia).
Claude Thompson.
"Spike" Robson.
Mick Flynn.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. he thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

JUNO BURBANK WEDS.

The Idol of the New York Casino Marries a Millionaire.

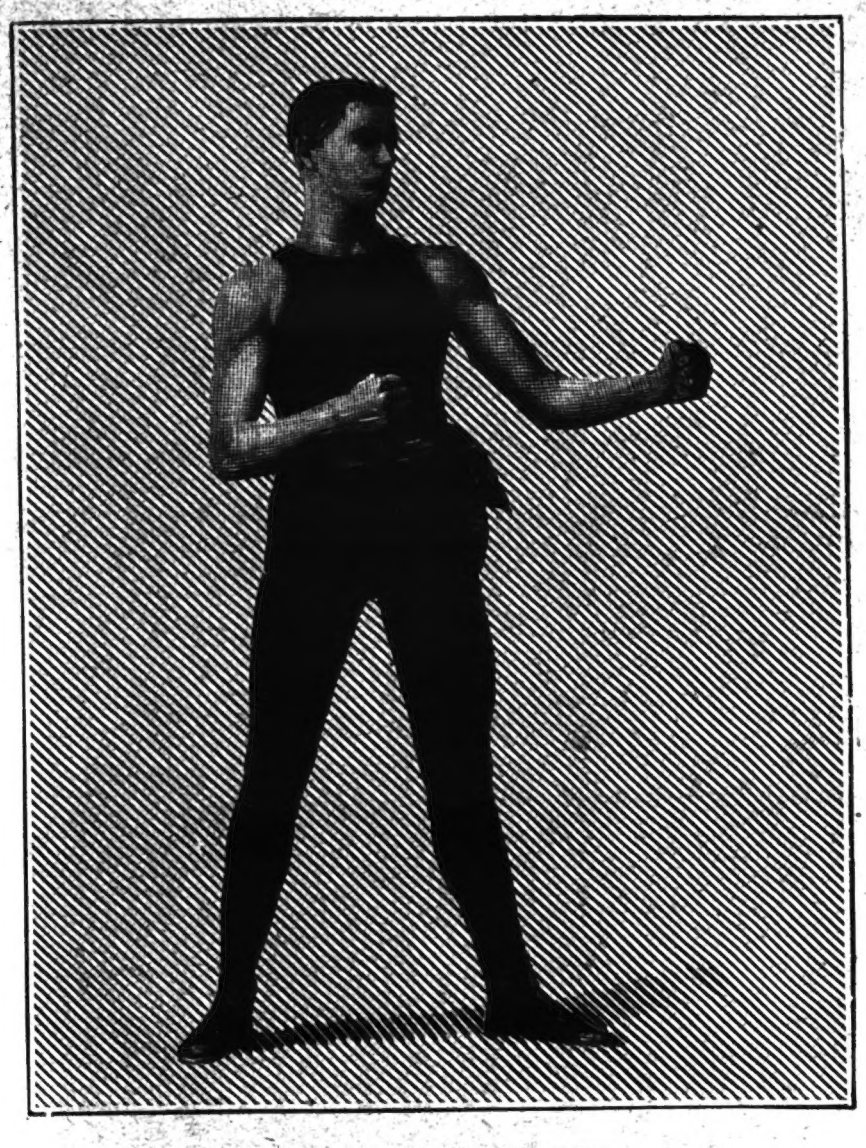


TOM DUGGAN,

Of Australia, who Recently Knocked Out Jack Grace, of New York, in Five Rounds at Natal, South Africa.

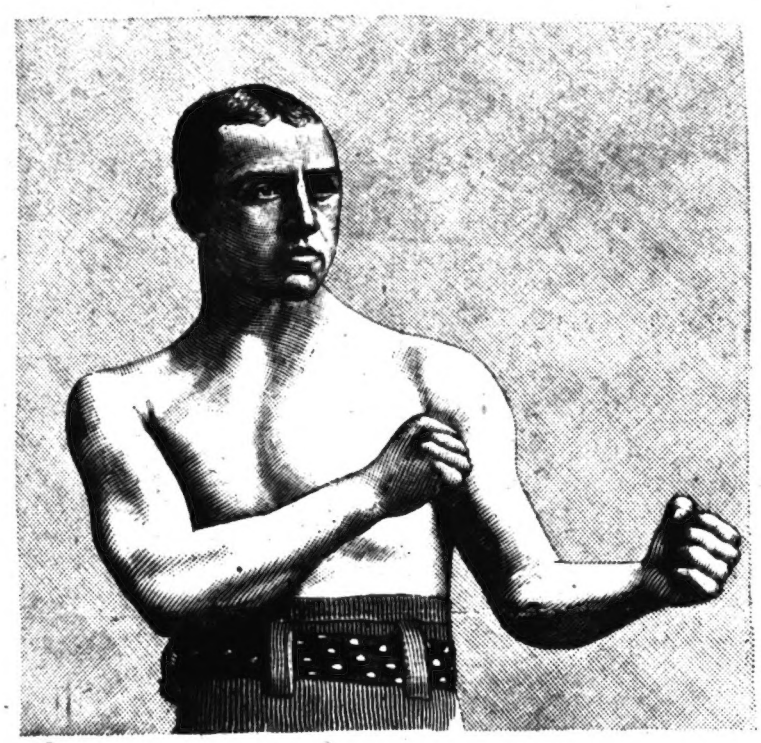
SENSATIONAL SCENE IN THE WEST-END.

Work Girls Remove the Door Plates and Depart With Them.



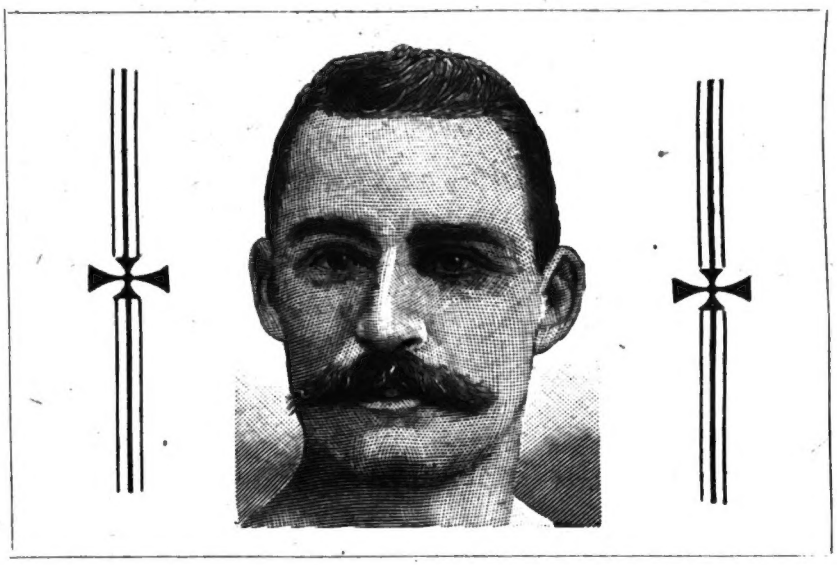
CHAS. "KID" McCOY,

Who, with Charley Mitchell as Sparring Partner, Appears Nightly at the Principal Music Halls in New York.



CHARLEY MITCHELL,

England's Boxing Champion, Now Sparring with "Kid" McCoy in New York City.

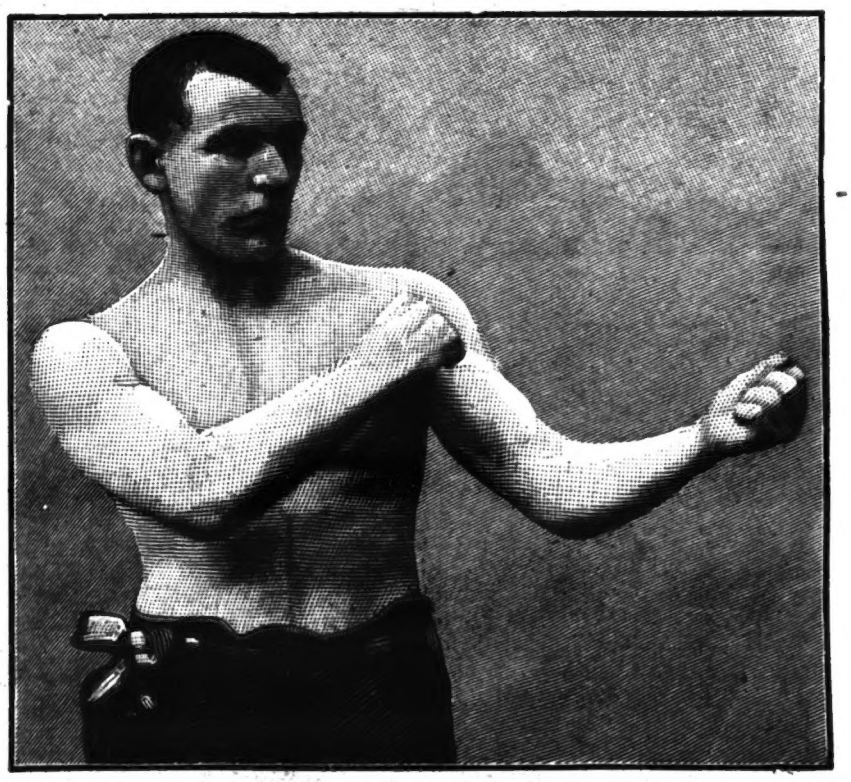


JAKE GAUDAUR,

Of Canada, Matched to Meet George Towns in September Next for the Sculling Championship of the World.

MURDER OVER A GAMBLING TRANSACTION.

Italians Fight with Knife and Revolver.



LACHIE THOMSON,

Of Glasgow, who Met Jack Palmer at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday Evening, June 24.

TOM BURROWS, KING OF CLUBS, CREATES A NEW WORLD'S RECORD.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWing account from Cape Town, S.A.:—At the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday evening, May 29, saw the completion of one of the greatest muscular feats ever recorded in the world. From earliest times feats of strength and endurance have ever appealed to all nations, civilised or uncivilised, and crowds have ever assembled to witness any extraordinary feat, and had it been possible in the days of Hercules to have advertised his marvellous attempts, which have subsequently staggered humanity, then it can be safely stated that all Greece would have assembled to watch him. All Cape Town did not attend at the Alhambra to witness what will undoubtedly be looked upon as one of the marvellous performances of this and any age. Cape Town does not quite understand nor appreciate what this really means, but still a large number of sportsmen and persons interested in physical development came in and out all day to view the man who could endure the strain of thirty-six hours' club swinging with full-sized, full-weighted clubs. It was not as though he was swinging simple combinations; it was, as one man remarked, a wonderful exhibition of clever, brilliant swinging. When he had been swinging for thirty hours, he gave a set of movements and swings that some of the best swingers in this country would be glad to imitate when they are quite fresh. Not the least marvellous part of this unique performance was the perfect grace with which Burrows swung throughout, and the clean, finished manner in which every swing, curve, and movement was executed. Then, too, was the marvellous way in which he nursed muscular system. He never allowed the strain to rest on one set of muscles, but varied his movements so as to exert them all equally.

The committee and his attendants were assiduous, staying with him and recording the number of the swings all night, and all day. A musician, too, was in attendance, and he bore no little strain in playing right through for fully twelve hours, after which he was relieved by volunteers. From time to time Burrows was supplied with refreshments, and although at times he got sleepy, the least cheering brought him round, and he usually showed his awakening by varying his swings, his slow swings and cross-arm work being perfect. Every hour the period completed was announced, and each time it was received with a burst of cheering. This reached almost a culminating point when, at five minutes past five, Mr. M. Goodall, the timekeeper, announced that Burrows had eclipsed his previous record. There was a fairly large house present, and Mr. Goodall had scarcely finished speaking when everyone rose and uncovered, and cheered till he was hoarse. Burrows smiled, bowed, and increased the rate of the evolutions up to 145 to the minute. Wonderful vitality, truly! After that the house kept full all the evening. At ten minutes to eight, continuing his swinging, Burrows walked from the centre of the stage to the platform on which he performs, while the Musical Hall programme proceeds, and continued as cheerily almost as when he started. During the evening, at the express desire of Mr. Weir Hogg, the manager of the Alhambra, a medical gentleman was in attendance, so as to be able to assist Burrows whenever he required it. At thirty-five hours, announced by Mr. H. Magor, a scene of great excitement followed, and it was some time before the musical programme could proceed. The announcements by Mr. Magor at quarter-of-an-hour stages during the final sixty minutes was received with tumultuous applause, and when the moment of completion arrived the scene was beyond all description. The audience cheered wildly as "Tom" in the final three minutes executed some rapid, spirited, and beautiful movements, and Mr. Goodall signified that the task had been accomplished, amid a scene of intense enthusiasm.

Mr. Hogg presented Burrows with the purse offered, and accompanied the gift with a few words of hearty congratulation.

During the subsequent speeches, Burrows, who was looking surprisingly fresh, occupied an easy chair on the platform.

ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN ATHLETES.—Among the saloon passengers on board the Cunard mail steamer Servia, which arrived on Wednesday evening from Queenstown, from New York, was Mr. Alvin C. Kraenzlein, of the University of Pennsylvania, champion broad jumper, hurdler, and sprinter of America, and present holder of British Hurdle and Broad Jump Championships. Mr. Kraenzlein has come to the United Kingdom in order to defend these titles, and he purposes competing in the English Athletic Championship Meeting to be held at Huddersfield on the 6th of next month. Kraenzlein is anxious to meet the Irish champion, T. O'Connor, who finished second to the American at the English championships last year, more especially since the latter cleared a distance of 24ft 9in in the Running Broad Jump. O'Connor and the American will meet at Huddersfield in the Broad Jump, and, in all probability, a new world's record will be the result. He will also essay the 100 yards run. Kraenzlein is of opinion that he can negotiate the 120 Yards Hurdle Race on grass in 15 1-5sec, which will be less than his time at the English meeting last year. Mr. Kraenzlein proceeded to Liverpool in the steamer. J. A. Baxter, the American champion high jumper, who has also voyaged to this country, holds the British High Jumping Championship, and will defend the title at Huddersfield against all comers.

MR. A. C. KRAUSLEIN, OF PENNsylvania, the English amateur champion hurdler and long jumper, and holder of several records, will compete in the 120 Yards Hurdle Race and Long Jump Competition at the London Athletic Club's Summer Meeting next Saturday, the 29th inst., at Stamford Bridge. He will also defend his titles in the Amateur Championships at Huddersfield on July 6, and in all probability likewise have a cut at the High Jumping and 100 Yards Championships on that day.

PRIVATE BANKS C. AND A.C. Sports.—These annual sports took place on the club ground at Catford last Thursday evening. Rain fell before the start, but fortunately the weather was fine during the racing, and the attendance, which included many ladies, was, under the circumstances, quite satisfactory. A programme of thirteen events was submitted, the chief feature of which was the capital performance of R. B. Cowley, who made all the running in winning the quarter, and the one mile victory of W. N. Lamb. In the matter of honours, Glyn's supplied four firsts, most of the other competing banks being content with one each. Details:—100 Yards Handicap: F. Grainge, Glyn's, 12 yd start, 1; A. S. Holding, Williams's, 14, 2; W. L. Rowbotham, Robarts's, 10, 3. Won by a foot; inches divided second and third. Time, 10 2-5sec. 100 Yards Handicap (boys under ten): F., B. Banson, 11yd start, 1; D. S. Broadhurst, 16.2; L. Horn, 10, 3. Won by three yards. 880 Yards Handicap: H. J. Hensman, Lloyds, 50yd start, 1; W. N. Lamb, King's, 30, 2; A. I. Draper, Bank, 35, 3. Draper slipped when close home, which enabled Lamb to get up and beat him. Hensman won by five yards. Time, 2min 3 1-5sec. 100 Yards Veterans' Handicap: C. E. Banson, Glyn's, 11yd start, 1; H. J. Boys, Brown's, 4, 2; H. F. Escott, Williams's, 2, 3. Won by a yard. Time, 11 3-5sec. 100 Yards Sack Race: W. T. Minter, Glyn's, 1; Moffatt, Martin's, 2. Cricketers' Race: Final heat—H. W. B. Sercombe, Coutts', 1; J. T. Fitch, Smith's, 2; R. C. Lawrie, Bank, 3. All three finished within a yard. Ladies' 100 Yards Slow Bicycle Race: Final: Miss E. Rivett. Won cleverly. 440 Yards Challenge Cup Race: R. B. Cowley, Cox's, 1; A. I. Draper, Bank, 2; H. J. Hensman, Lloyds, 3. Won easily by six yards; two yards divided second and third. Time, 54 3-5sec. 200 Yards Handicap (for boys over ten and under fifteen): C. Rauft, 38yd start, 1; A. C. Horn, 14, 2; A. G. Whibley, 12, 3. Won easily. 440 Yards Comic Obstacle Race.—W. T. Minter, Glyn's, 1; F. Grainge, Glyn's, 2; J. F. Fitch, Smith's, 3. After negotiating the usual obstructions the competitors had to pick corks out of bowls of water and carry them to the winning-post between their teeth. One Mile Bicycle Handicap.—R. C. Lawrie, Bank, scratch, 1; R. C. Baskett, Lloyds, 25 yards start, 2; A. E. Leigh Bennett, Lloyds, 25, 3. Lawrie took the lead at half a mile and although closely pressed by Baskett, beat him by four lengths; a poor third. One Mile Tandem Pursuit Race.—R. C. Baskett and H. Baskett beat A. E. Leigh Bennett and O. S. Leigh Bennett. One Mile Challenge Cup Race.—W. N. Lamb, King's, 1; S. E. Hall, Lloyds, 2; A. I. Draper, Bank, 3. Five started. Hall was prominent until the last lap, when Lamb caught him half-way round, and won by a dozen yards; two yards between second and third. Time, 4min 59 4-5sec. The prizes were presented by Miss Cooper.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT FOOTball Player.—The death occurred on Tuesday, 18th inst., of Mr. R. C. Jones, formerly captain of the Shrewsbury Town Club, and a prominent forward player for several seasons. The deceased met with an accident while following his employment a fortnight ago. He was well known in the Midlands, and was highly respected.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL SPORTS.—The annual athletic sports of St. George's Hospital took place at the L.A.C. Grounds, Stamford Bridge, on Tuesday. In the 300 Yards Strangers' Handicap C. H. Jupp, L.A.C., joint holder of the 100 yards British amateur record of 10sec, accomplished an excellent performance, winning from the virtual scratch mark of 4 yards in 32 1-5sec. He beat P. W. Berriman-Tippets, L.A.C. (26yd start), by two yards. C. G. Davison, L.A.C., the old Light Blue and international quarter-miler, who, like Jupp, had 4yd start, was a good third. Some prominent men competed in the members' races. T. St. Clair Smith, the L.A.C. sprinter, won the 100 Yards Level Race by two yards from L. D. Bailey in 11 1-5sec, and also finishen first from scratch in the 220 Yards Handicap in 24 2-5sec, beating G. E. Orme (9yd start) by three yards. L. McW. Bourke, the well-known cyclist, secured the long jump with a leap of 17ft 10in, and also finished third, owing 5yd, in the 120 Yards Hurdles Handicap. L. C. Bailey, owing 20yd, was first, three yards in front of T. St. Clair Smith, owing 10. Time, 20 4-5sec. L. D. Bailey won the high jump with 5ft 4in. P. G. Lock (70yd start) finished first in the Half-Mile Handicap, ten yards in front of the scratch man, J. A. Torrens. Time, 2min 7 4-5sec. Lock, with 80yd, also won the Half-Mile Steeplechase Handicap in 2min 40 3-5sec.

NOTES ON ASCOT.—ALTHOUGH Queen Anne instituted the racing on this course, William August, Duke of Cumberland, the third son of George II., is rightly regarded as "the father of Ascot." He practically raised it to its present high position. At one Ascot meeting the duke ran Eclipse, one of the swiftest horses that ever lived. Its wonderful speed was, after its death, ascertained to be due to an abnormally large heart, which weighed no less than thirteen pounds. Ascot has known many great days and seen many strange sights. It was in 1768, after the day's racing, that a leading lady of fashion, imbued with excessive sporting proclivities, undertook for a wager of £5,000 to ride 100 miles in ten hours, and to consume a leg of lamb and two bottles of claret! Whether the lady won or lost is not recorded. In those early days the highwayman found in Ascot a happy hunting-ground. One daring disciple of Dick Turpin held up a coach near the Shoulder of Mutton Inn, and relieved the occupants of their purses. To the only lady present, however, he chivalrously returned her money. He was arrested on the course the following day and punished.

BAGATELLE MATCH FOR A TENNER.—Considerable discussion having arisen respecting the abilities of Walter Green and Phil Isaacs at the game of bagatelle, a match was made to play the best of three nomination games, and one throwings up, and one game of 250 cannons, for £10 and a spread for twelve friends. They agreed to play at the Henry VIII. (Steve Morgan's hostelry, in Union Street, Borough), and the first of the series was decided last Tuesday. Mr. R. Josephs officiated as referee, and Mr. Chas. Stewart as marker. They in the first half of the game both played much below their usual form. Isaacs took the lead at the start, and scoring 196—111, 280—120, and 345—205, at half-time they were called 522—258. The second part of the programme found both men playing better, and after the games had been called 612—392 and 710—416, Isaacs eventually won by 383. The other games will take place in a fortnight. Isaacs is prepared to play anybody in London 1,000 up at bagatelle for £5 a-side upwards.

PENNSYLVANIANS FOR HENLEY.—The much-talked-of eight-oar crew from the University of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., who are to row for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Regatta, had their first spin on the Thames on Thursday. The Americans, who arrived at Henley by special train from Liverpool on Wednesday evening, row the short, sharp stroke which has never found much favour in this country, and their style is more suggestive of speed than stamina. They are a well set-up lot of men, their average height being 5ft 9½in, with an average weight of 11st 8lb. Their rowing costume consists of blue and red striped jerseys, with knickerbockers and stockings of the same colours.

F. E. BACON, HAVING SIGNED articles for competing in the forthcoming six days (4½ hours daily) go-as-you-please race at the Royal Aquarium, has placed himself under his trainer, H. F. Dyer, and will run daily from the Red Lion, Portland Street, Oxford Street, to Willesden and back, and evenings at the Star Ground, Battersea, or Tufnell Park.

TO THE MARRIED
AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY
OF BOTH SEXES.
Read carefully my new book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate Question of large families with a moral check, as commended by an eminent London Physician. Send postal order, 1s., for improved edition, in sealed packet, with distinct address to the author, Mr. Wilton J. Dowse, Science Lecturer, 14, The Chase, Nottingham. A M.P. writes us:—"Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished; comfort in homes secured." Name this paper, please.

WESTMINSTER AND ST. GEORGE'S C.C. Evening Meeting.—The members of this prominent cycling club carried out a most enjoyable meeting last Thursday evening at the London County Athletic Ground, Herne Hill. The racing was very good throughout. Hobcraft, who finished first in the mile, met with a nasty accident, injuring both shoulder and thigh. This did not prevent him competing in the ten miles championship, but he was beaten, after a brilliant finish, by half a yard. Details:—One Mile Handicap.—Heat 1: T. W. Hobcraft, scratch, 1; F. Du Bois, 75, 2. Won by two lengths. Time, 2min 20sec. Heat 2: S. W. Philpott, 75, 1; F. Bliss, 125, 2. Won by a wheel. Time, 2min 17 1-5sec. Heat 3: H. W. Noble, 300, 1; H. Tate, 75, 2. Won by forty yards. Time, 2min 14 1-5sec. Final heat: T. W Hobcraft, scratch, 1; F. Bliss, 125, 2; F. Du Bois, 75, 3. Hobcraft won, after a capital race, by a wheel, but met with an accident about thirty yards after passing the winning post. Time, 2min 11 3-5sec. Ten Miles Championship ("Hobbs" Shield).—C. May, 1; T. W. Hobcraft, 2; H. C. Myers, 3. Won, after a hot finish, by half a wheel; two lengths between second and third. Philpott won the special lap prize presented by the president, Mr. C. R. Page. Time, 29min 51 2-5sec.

ANERLEY B.C. 50-MILE HANDICAP.—The members of the above club decided their 50-mile handicap at the Crystal Palace on Thursday evening, the competitors being:—L. Davidson, 10min start; L. Russell Lucy, 6min; H. E. Hillier, 3min; W. H. Moon, 2min 30sec; J. D. Daymond, 2min; C. A. Sedgwick, 30sec; and G. A. Olley, scratch. At 20 miles Moon headed the field, with Olley lying second a lap behind, the latter covering 27 miles 2 laps in the hour. Olley had to change machines three times, but gradually picking up, caught Moon at 43 miles, and two miles further on took the lead for the first time. With two miles to go, Olley lapped Moon, and eventually won by nearly a lap and a half from Daymond, who passed Moon in the last mile, and secured second place by about 100yd. The final placings were:—G. A. Olley, scratch, 1hr 49min 22 2-5sec, 1; J. D. Daymond, 2min start, 1hr 52min 9 1-5sec net, 2; W. H. Moon, 2min 30sec, 1hr 52min 51 2-5sec, 3; L. Russell Lucy, 6min, 1hr 58min 39 3-5sec, 4.

POLYTECHNIC C.C.—SOME EXciting racing was witnessed at Kensal Rise last Thursday evening, when the Polytechnic C.C.'s meeting took place. As will be seen, champion riders were well to the fore. Results:—Five Mile Club Championship.—A. L. Reed (One Mile London Centre Champion of the N.C.U.) 1; R. Jamson (holder of the Surrey Cup), 2; C. B. Haysom, 3; B. C. Whur, 4; B. Bridgewater, 5. W. B. Dudden led for four miles. C. H. Apsey then showed the way to the bell ring. Reed shot out half way out, and won by a length and a half, half a length separating second and third. Time, 11min 39 2-5sec. The time limit was 11min 45sec, and it was beaten by the first five men. A One Lap Time Trial Handicap was also decided. A. B. Ingram (the Quarter-mile Amateur Champion) was at scratch, and rode the lap in 41 4-5sec, C. H. Apsey, who had 5sec start, taking 46 4-5sec. These two tied at 41 4-5sec for first place on the handicap. There was also a dead-heat for the next place, J. E. Harter, who took 43sec for his lap, and who had 1sec start, tieing with M. Poncione, who took 44 1-5sec, and had 2 1-5sec start, at 42sec on the handicap. A. L. Reed scratch, took 43 2-5sec, and was, therefore, unplaced.

SHAMROCK II.: A RECORD MAST.—The new mast in Shamrock II., fitted on Friday at Glasgow, is unique, being one solid steel pole from step to truck, and measuring 170ft. This spar is 10ft longer than the original one, and is the tallest ever stepped in a yacht. It is claimed that the pole-mast gives greater stability, and is a great saving of weight. The disadvantage will be that in heavy weather the top-mast cannot be housed, but the designer, Mr. Watson, points out that only once in the American Cup race has the top-mast been housed owing to heavy weather. Sir Thomas Lipton states that he will gladly enter Shamrock II. for a race across the Atlantic against the American boats, but Mr. Watson holds that Shamrock must be reduced to yawl rig to weather the Atlantic. Mr. Thomas Lipton declares that one of the American Cup conditions should be that the owners should sail across the Atlantic in the challenging yacht.

SWIMMING.—OXFORD AND CAMbridge.—The annual matches between Oxford and Cambridge were decided at the Bath Club, Dover Street, Piccadilly, last Friday night, before a large company. Cambridge won a series of three swimming events by two to one, and also the team race. The water polo match ended in a draw of one goal each, after Oxford had led at half-time by a goal to none. The most prominent swimmers were D. V. Cow, of Cambridge, who won the hundred yards, P. K. Metcalfe, of Cambridge, and captain of the Otter Club, who easily secured the quarter-mile, and D. Milburn, of Oxford, who, although he won the fifty yards' race, had the misfortune to find the contest result in a dead-heat, owing to the position of the second man being taken into consideration in these contests.

HOLBORN CIRCUS ATHLETIC Association.—The members of the above association connected with the firm of Thomas Wallis, Limited, Holborn Circus, held their sixth annual sports at their fine grounds at East Acton. The clerk of the weather was in a good humour, and a most enjoyable day resulted. Somewhat of a surprise was the defeat of F. Shrewsbury by E. J. Ottey in the mile team race—which event, however, the Holborn Circus team won for the fourth successive year. The results of the different events were as follows:—100 Yards Handicap.—J. Wishart, 9yds, 1; J. F. Fawcett, 12, 2; F. Lee, 9, 3. Potato Race.—J. Wishart, 1; R. Ellon, 2; P. Holder, 3. City of London One Mile Championship.—E. J. Ottey, Ravensbourne, 1; E. Shrewsbury, Holborn Circus, 2; H. Chart, Forest, 3. Club placings: Holborn Circus, 13 points, 1; Forest, 19, 2; Anlaby, 38, 3. Half-Mile Cycle Handicap.—D. L. Palmer, 35yds, 1; W. L. Evans, 40, 2; W. Thwaits, scratch, 3. 440 Yards Handicap.—E. Shrewsbury, scratch, 1; F. Masters, 20yds, 2; Joe Lambert, 20, 3. Ladies' Egg and Spoon Race.—Miss Jobson, 1; Miss Banks, 2; Miss Ward, 3. 220 Yards Mechanics' Handicap.—C. Ebbons, 10yds, 1; T. Last, 25, 2; S. Adnutt, 3. Three Lap Walking Handicap.—C. Calder, 40yds, 1; J. S. Lloyd, 60, 2; E. Barling, 10, 3. Two Miles Cycle Handicap.—D. L. Palmer, 100yds, 1; E. Patchett, 105, 2; W. L. Evans, 150, 3. 100 Yards Hurdle Handicap.—E. Cockrill, owes 4yds, 1; F. Newberry, 11, 2; F. Hoskins, 3. Inter-Department Flying Squadron Race.—Drapery, 1; Furnishing, 2; Fancy, 3. Tug-of-War.—D Team (O'Beirne, captain) beat G team (Newberry, captain), 2 to nil. One Lap Obstacle Race.—Anstey, 1; Bailey, 2; Lee, 3. The prizes, which were many and valuable, were presented to the winners by Mrs. J. H. Barnard, after which dancing was the order of the evening. The secretaries, Messrs. Lyons and Warren, and the various officials are to be congratulated on the admirable way in which the sports were carried out.

AN UNFORTUNATE CHAMPION ONE-Arm Swimmer.—The unfortunate employee to whom June 12 is so unlucky is beaten by Mr. George White, the champion one-arm swimmer, who has found April 14 a date to stay in bed upon. On that day in 1875 he fell over a scaffold pole and broke his right arm. Exactly a year afterwards he broke his left leg. On April 14, 1877, he missed his footing in stepping off a platform, smashed his wrist, and was obliged to have an arm amputated. On April 14, 1887, he escaped, but his wife had an accident, and was carried off to hospital. On April 14, 1889, he slipped and broke three ribs, and on April 14, 1891, he fell down his employer's staircase and broke his left arm. The last accident was perhaps the most remarkable, since in 1889 our correspondent's manager ordered that in future he should take a holiday on April 14, as the unfortunate employee is asked to stay at home on June 12. But a fortnight before April 14, 1891, he had a vivid dream, connecting the coming date with an accident, and his manager, thinking to dispel his superstition, told him to come to work. The result was the broken arm. These statements can be attested by several gentlemen prominent in the printing trade, and we recommend them to our astrological friend. Mr. White is quite unbowed by his disasters, and ran on Saturday week in the Printers' Sports at the Crystal Palace.

"WHAT IS A PONY?" THIS RE-mark by Justice Darling reminds us of a very old chestnut. Billy Nichols, of Nottingham, was a very eccentric Nottingham bookie, who was at one time on the town council. While there a motion came on as to railing round the churchyard in which so many Nottingham pugilists are buried. Billy Nichols, although esteemed for his liberality, would not give way on the point. "Why do you object?" exclaimed the other members of the town council, who were almost unanimous. "Well, those who are outside don't want to go in, and those who are inside are unable to get out." But, about the "pony." Knowing Billy's charitable disposition, although no church goer, the curate of the district called round and saw Mrs. Nichols, who was a regular attendant. Mrs. Nichols at once consulted Billy, who exclaimed loud enough for the curate to hear, "Give him a pony." "A pony," exclaimed the curate. "I can't keep a 'pony.' Why, I can't keep myself." "Oh, well, give him a tanner," exclaimed Billy, when the curate's remark was reported to him.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAM-pionships of Scotland.—The amateur athletic championships of Scotland attracted a large crowd to the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, on Saturday, where several championships changed hands. The defeat of W. H. Welsh (the holder) in the 100 yards championship was the first surprise. Welsh was left at the start, and J. McLean, of the Blackheath Harriers (London) won in 10 2-5sec. Welsh was again beaten in the 220 yards championship, which also went to McLean, time 23sec; but Welsh had better luck in the quarter-mile championship, in which he easily retained his title. Time, 51⅕sec. Another champion, J. Paterson, Watson's College A.C., who plays golf as well as he runs, was deprived of his title in the half-mile championship, which J. T. McAuslan, Dennistoun H., won by a foot only from the holder in 2min 2 4-5sec. Paterson, however, easily retained his honours in the mile championship. Time, 4min 44 2-5sec. D. J. McRae, of Aberdeen University, was deprived of his title in the weight-putting championship, which M. M. McInnes (Edinburgh University) won at 42ft 7in. McInnes, after a close contest, again won at throwing the hammer, with 108ft 2½in, beating T. R. Nicholson (Kyle's A.C., Bute) by the odd inches only. Another champion lost his title in the high jump—viz., J. B. Milne (Dundee Gymnastic and A.C.)—that event going to R. G. Murray (Clydesdale Harriers), at 5ft. 10½in. Hugh Barr did not defend his title in the long jump. Only R. S. Stronach (Glasgow Academicals) and G. C. Anderson (Edinburgh University) competed, and they tied at 21ft. Stronach (the holder) won the 120 yards hurdles championship in 16 2-5sec, and D. W. Mill (Clydesdale and Glenpark H.) won the four miles running championship by 10 yards from A. Wright (Welpark H.) in 21min 15sec. A. R. Gibb (Watson's College and Edinburgh H.), who won last year, did not compete.

THE SURREY BICYCLE CLUB Sports.—The glories of the good old Surrey Bicycle Club, as regards the patronage of the public, would seem to have quite departed. In place of the thousands who used to throng Kennington Oval to witness the club's periodical race meetings, there were round the Crystal Palace track on Saturday only a few hundreds. Yet the contests were well worth going to see. The new mile champion, C. Pease (Dublin Wanderers), looked at one time like winning those two classic competitions, the "Sydney" half and the "Surrey" ten miles. He cut out the pace from start to finish in the shorter event, beating H. S. Chambers (Anerley), A. S. Ingram (Polytechnic), A. L. Reed (Polytechnic), the holder, and F. G. Crowley (Silverdale) in the order named. Time, 1min 10 1-5sec. In the ten miles Surrey Cup race, however, that strong rider, H. T. Allen (Bristol Wheelers) was first; H. W. Payne (West Roads) second; M. H. Rose (Anerley B.C.) third; and Pease fourth. Time, 24min 33-5sec (Surrey Cup record). W. H. Weller (Croydon C.C.), won the half-mile handicap, with 95yds start, in 59 1-5sec; and C. A. Sedgwick (Anerley B.C.), winner of the Brixton Ramblers ten miles cup on the previous evening, won the mile handicap, with 80yds start, in 2min 12 1-5sec.

WRESTLING. — JACK CARKEEK at the Variety, Hoxton, and Metropolitan Music Halls.—This week the champion is taking on all comers at the above halls, and forfeiting £10 to any wrestler he fails to defeat in 15min. On Monday night a number of wrestlers wanted to compete, and the one selected to open the week was Dick Collard, of Poplar. A capital struggle was witnessed, but eventually Collard fell a victim to one of the champion's tricks, after contesting for 10min 32sec. The second house witnessed the Yankee competing with Bill Watson (King's Cross). He put up a great struggle, but after 6min had elapsed the champion began to put some of his reserve strength in play, and was returned the winner after 9min 20sec exertion. The representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE officiated as referee. Carkeek started a twelve nights' engagement at the Metropolitan in Edgware Road, when a large muster of lovers of sport were present. Ted Johnson was selected as Carkeek's first opponent, and the mode was the Græco-Roman. It proved a very exciting struggle, the Yankee's rival acting solely on the defensive. Nearly two minutes elapsed before they reached the mat, and then the champion put the bar-nelson into execution, but by a nimble movement Johnson slipped away and stood erect. Without wasting any time Carkeek once more resumed the offensive, and ultimately pinned his man down, and won in 12min 25sec. Full details of this week's wrestling contests will appear in our next edition.

THE IRISH HURDLES CHAM-pion.—Dennis Carey, of Dublin, the hammer-throwing amateur champion of England, and at present (and for the past four years) hurdles champion of Ireland, was a successful competitor at Hersham sports on Saturday. Carey won the level 120 yards open amateur hurdle race in splendid form. He (like Kraenzlein) will probably compete at the London Athletic Club's sports at Stamford Bridge next Saturday.

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ONE HOUR INVITATION RACE.—The competitors who have been asked to enter for the One Hour Invitation Race on the Derby Road for the handsome prize offered by Mr. F. W. Harrison, of Mansfield, Notts, are J. Patterson (Nottingham), S. E. Ainsworth (Leicester), D. Darvel (Harrow), R. Marsh (Sheffield), F. G. Saward (London), E. Waterson (Nottingham), H. Russell (London), and F. E. Cunliffe (Cambridge). Several cyclists will follow the men when sent on their long journey. As Patterson and Marsh are a splendid pair of runners, and they should give an account of themselves, as the prize is worth going for. The race will take place at the end of next month, and Messrs. S. W. Graham and W. L. Jackson will take the times and distances, but they will not beat Harry Watkins's one hour record.

DEATH OF A ONCE FAMOUS CHAM-pion sculler.—The death is reported of Mr. J. A. Messenger, of Teddington, His Majesty's bargemaster, who died on Friday night at the age of seventy-five. The deceased was Bargemaster to her late Majesty Queen Victoria for over forty years. He won the championship by defeating Tom Cole, of Chelsea, on November 20, 1854, from Putney to Mortlake. On May 12, 1857, Messenger was beaten by Harry Kelley, who still resides at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He also won the Putney Coat, Badge, and Freedom in July, 1847. The funeral will take place at Teddington Cemetery at 3 p.m. to-day (Wednesday).

THE CIVIL SERVICE SUPPLY ASSO-ciation Sports.—Two fast handicap performances were accomplished at the Civil Service Supply Association's sports at Herne Hill on Saturday (where, by the way, there were some nasty spills), J. N. Meurs, Herne Hill Harriers, winning the open half-mile run, with 60 yards start, in 1min 57 1-5sec, and E. S. Montgomery, North Surrey C.C., 90, securing first prize in the open mile cycle handicap in 1min 57 1-5sec.

ALF STANBROOK'S FOURTH annual sports will take place at Maze Hill Athletic Grounds, Greenwich, on Monday, July 1. £30 in money, and other valuable prizes, twelve events, including running and cycling. Dave Fenton, E. Shepherd, and G. Crossland are certain competitors.

MISS FRITZI SCHEFF.

Who Again Makes a Fascinating Heroine at the Royal Opera.

(With Portrait.)

MISS FRITZI SCHEFF, the charming young Austrian prima donna, who makes her rentree at Covent Garden on Thursday next as Musetta in "La Boheme," made an instantaneous success at the opera last season as Nedda in "Pagliacci."

Miss Scheff has just returned from America, where she made a great hit, some of the critics being particularly extravagant in their encomiums.

The young singer, who is only twenty-one, has had four years' experience on the lyric stage in Vienna, Germany, and America, and was as popular last season here in society as at the opera. At a private reception she greatly delighted the King and Queen with her excellent rendering of some comic student songs of her native country.

Miss Scheff greatly appreciates the honour she had of singing before her late Majesty Queen Victoria last year at Windsor Castle.

The young artiste is a good linguist, speaking German, French, Italian, and English fluently, and is an excellent horsewoman, being particularly fond of riding and driving. She is petite and prepossessing in appearance, has a light flexible voice of great range, is a graceful and fascinating actress, and is endowed to an extraordinary degree with magnetism. In the performance of "Die Meistersinger" she sustains the part of Eva, and makes a fascinating heroine.

JOSEPH JONES.

A Well Known Breeder and Exhibiter of Birds, and His Champion Linnet Bullfinch Hybrid.

(With Portrait.)

JOSEPH JONES owns many birds, but his champion linnet bullfinch Hybrid is the winner of upwards of sixty prizes, medals, &c. Amongst his many winnings may be included—1st, Manchester, Hanley, Perth, Crewe, Uttoxeter, Frome, Stourbridge, Gloucester, Oswestry, Tullerworth, Newport, Burton, Wolverhampton, &c. Mr. Joseph Jones can always be found at the Round House Spirit Vaults, Dudley.

A BOON AND A BENEFIT.

DURING this ever-changing weather, and, indeed, at all times, the system, alike mentally and physically, runs down. An apparently never-failing tonic is the Ajax Tablets, whose reinvigorating and health-restoring powers are remarkable. From all accounts, and the innumerable letters of thanks received by the pleasant, business-like manager of the English depôt of the Ajax Remedy Company, Mr. C. Hitchcock, they have really proved a true boon to sufferers of both sexes. The London address of the company is 114, Thrush Street, Walworth, S.E.

RUNNING MATCHES WILL BE HELD at the Aquarium next week.

GATTI'S (CROSS) IS NOW CLOSED for alterations and repairs.

MISS FANNY WENTWORTH, WITH musical sketches, is at the London Pavilion.

MR. ROBERT BROUGH HAS SE-cured the Australian rights of "Sweet and Twenty."

"TWO, LITTLE VAGABONDS" ARE playing to crowded houses this week at the Pavilion.

A BIG BILL IS BEING ARRANGED for Miss Lottie Venne's benefit, which will shortly take place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST HITS IN the new Gaiety production, "The Toreador," has been made by Miss Clive Romaine with "Maud."

MISS DAISY JAMES HAS BEEN charming Middlesex visitors with a tuneful ditty, "My Little Daisy."

LEWIS WALLER, SUPPORTED BY William Morrison and Miss Lily Hanbury, are playing their second week at the Grand, Islington, where "A Royal Rival" continues a strong attraction.

THE VINDOBONA QUARTETTE, A band of humorous instrumentalists, made their first appearance in England at the Tivoli last Monday. Happy Fanny Fields continues a big success, as also does George Robey with his "Lost Luggage" song.

NAT GOODWIN HAS BEEN ABSENT from London too long, and players will therefore rejoice to hear that this clever actor and his charming wife have arrived in London, and will shortly start a season at the Comedy with a play by H. V. Esmond, entitled "When We Were Twenty-one."

THE GIANT WILKINS MAY BE SAID to top a big bill at the Holloway Empire this week. Other notable turns are Bella and Bijou, the popular Miss Peggy Pryde, the knockabout Passmores, the Clayton twins, Mark Anthony, the Bioscope, Walter King, Wood and Willis, and Ray Wallace.

"VISIONS OF THE PAST" IS THE sketch at the Queen's, Poplar, this week, played by Dryden and Co.; it is really a clever adaptation of the popular novel "Called Back." The sketch is in four scenes and holds the audience from start to finish. There is the usual capital variety bill here.

CLIFFE BERZAC, WITH HIS UN-ridable donkey and the boxing and revolving table ponies, are at Collins's this week and create much wonder and merriment. Will Hebden with character songs, Fred Russell and his coster pal, the Mayvilles with their marvellous living marionette performance, the Irish humours of T. C. Callaghan, Miss Florrie Forde, Leonard Barry, Baker and Balfe, the Delevantis, and Miss Maud Beaumont all contribute first rate items.

THE EXTREME POPULARITY OF the charming musical play, "The Belle of New York," is shown by the fact that it may generally be found at one or other of the suburban theatres. This week Mr. George Musgrove's Company is at the Camden Theatre, and drawing large crowds. The play is beautifully mounted and played by a most efficient company, and it is not exaggerating to say that the performance almost equals that given at the Shaftesbury when all London rushed to see Miss Edna May.

AT THE GRAND EVENING FETE at Stafford House this (Wednesday) evening the variety entertainment will be contributed to by Dan Leno, Louis Bradfield, Nelson Downes, Frank Lincoln, Little George and Dog, Mesdames La Belle Tortajada, Losoros, Elfie Fay, and the Follies. The garden will be brilliantly illuminated by Pain and Sons. The band of the Royal Artillery will play in the grounds, the Ben Greet Company will play the "Comedy of Errors" in the open air, and the whole of the house will be thrown open, affording an opportunity of viewing the famous picture galleries.

DAVE.

TED WOOD WOULD LIKE TO HEAR from his old friend, Mr. Nichol Brady, of Newcastle, retired 9st 6lb champion of the north, at his address.

JOSEPH JONES,

A Well-known Breeder and Exhibiter of Birds, and his Champion Linnet-Bullfinch Hybrid.

DICK WARD,

A Heavy-weight Boxer of Liverpool.

CONSULTING AN UP-TO-DATE ORACLE.

Foretelling Events Cast Consternation in their Midst.

H. PEARCE,

A Clever Feather-weight, who Hails from West Hartlepool.

MISS FRITZI SCHEFF,

Who Again Makes a Fascinating Heroine at the Royal Opera.

HER GUARDIAN FAILED TO MAKE A CAPTURE.

The Lover Left by the Only Exit; he Popped Out Through the Window.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during June and July:—

JUNE 28-29.—Boxing at Jem Mace's, Black Lion, Birmingham.

JUNE 29.—At the City Boxing Club, Sheffield, E. Geraghty v. Tich Elliott, twenty rounds.

JULY 1.—At the Excelsior Gymnasium, Stockton, Joe Jones v. Ralph Ingledew, fifteen rounds; J. Smith v. B. Wilson, ten rounds; also six rounds contests.

BILL HEFFERNAN ON SOUTH AFRICA AND THE BOXERS TO BE FOUND THERE.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING characteristic letter from Bill Heffernan:—

KETTLEFONTEIN, May 27, 1901.

It is some time ago since I wrote to your valuable sporting journal, which is having a large circulation in Natal, thanks to myself to a great extent, at the present time. I introduced a great number of subscribers who perhaps never troubled about any sporting paper. I must give you a few details and doings of the boxing world. When I pitched my camp in Maritzburg some time ago, boxing was a dead letter. Our old friend, Lachie Thomson, gave some of the Tommies a bad time, and the soldiers were put out of bounds as far as boxing was concerned. I started a school of physical cultu e and boomed the game, with the assistance of Mr. Bill Ash and a young officer of the 1st or 2nd Life Guards I at the moment forget. The gentleman's name as near as I can remember was Mr. Ratcliffe, a dapper little man who had the reputation of being very useful with the gloves. All the obstacles were removed, and a grand assault-at-arms was the outcome in aid of the Buller fund. Mr. Ratcliffe went to work and obtained the consent of General Buller. This was some time after the relief of Ladysmith. I gave an exhibition of ball punching, and acted as referee for the boxing. Mr. Bill Ash, Central Hotel, was M.C., and he is second to none at the business, Ben Harris included (of Wonderland fame), and Mr. Ratcliffe was general bosser up. The whole business turned out very successful. I ran several shows afterwards which gave entire satisfaction to the general public at large in fact, the people of Maritzburg wished me to give monthly shows, with the best available talent. I had set things going on a solid footing, when I was called away to the old colony (or Cape Colony). I was absent four months, and on my return I found things upside down, and the military put out of bounds from boxing contests, and a good job too. It appears a tenth-rate, low canteen, gin slinger, of unsavoury repute, had been running shows, or, I should say, getting the agents for the theatre to run them, and got up several very questionable affairs; but the last one was a knock-out. I don't mean the fight or fighters; oh no; but the canteen Johnny. The night of the contest arrived, and the men were advertised to box for £100 a-side or such sum, but in reality not a penny was posted; and the funny part of the so-called champions was a soldier of the K.R.R. and the celebrated Australian faker, Jack Hall, who was never known to fight square in his best days. Lifesley, I think, was the Tommy's name. When the piece de resistance of the evening was called on, and the gladiators—I mean stiffs—came on to box, after the first round or monkey act was over the people started out of the buildings. So palpable was the fiasco that some of the boys started to throw bottles on the stage to get their money's worth, and thus ended one of the most miserable and disgraceful shows in this or any other country. The opening bout was worse than the star. Two mixed-ale scrappers opened the ball, and boxed or wrestled one half-round. When the first fall was given one of the contestants retired gracefully. During the confusion the manager bolted, and took refuge in a friendly outhouse. He did not come to light for several days. It was reported that he was hiding in the High Bush scrub. However, his hogship came to light, and blamed the boxers, and they blamed Dirty Dick, the nickname of the blatant manager. However to draw a curtain over the good little show town of Maritzburg the military authorities have stopped boxing shows as far as their people are concerned, and quite right for the present. However, McKell and Everhardt did not do the game any good in Capetown, which is another heavy blow at clean, honest sport. I am glad to say, however, that Durban has taken a lead, and several fair shows have been brought off to the satisfaction of the general public. Some little time back old "Barney" Malone, who has been boxing in this country since the palmy days of Kimberley diamond fields, and has the reputation of putting up one of the longest bareknuckle fights on record in this country, polished off a self-styled champion called Jack Connor in less than eight rounds. "Barney" showed old time form, and fought Connor to a standstill. I am afraid we are getting some of the looking-glass order of boxers who want to read about themselves and see their pictures in, say, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and style themselves champions. Since my return to Africa several of these impostors have sprung into existence—where they fought or who they beat God knows. They have travelled round the small coasting towns, and represented themselves as so and so—taken the names of good men. Their shows have been something awful, the public have been taken in, and if the genuine article comes along the people are very shy and won't come to see a good boxing show. We had another visitor to this distressful country in the person of Jack Grace, of America. He found me out. I believe I had met him somewhere in the States. We travelled round the coast together. He told me all sorts of tales about Sam Brown's Derby Arms. He was there at the same time as the genial Sam Fitzpatrick, and those other pair of worthies, Hogan, and Jem Ryan, of Australia. I can imagine old Sam, in his old arm chair, and those gentlemen running his show. I guess old Brown is not looking for American boxers to train at his show if all Grace told me is near the truth. I am on the war path once again. I issued a challenge to box any white man in South Africa from £200 to £500. Tom Duggan and I tried to come together, but failed, some little time since. Jack Grace came to Natal and made a match with Duggan. I just arrived in Durban a few days before the match from Port Elizabeth. Grace was put out in five rounds; it was a very tame encounter. Poor Grace looked very weak and pale in the ring; he wore his hair very long, like Choynski's or Jem Corbett's new style, which gave him a very clerical look; he might have passed for a musical instructor, or pianoforte tuner; he did not give me the impression of being a very dangerous fighter, but he put in some very decent punches at one stage of the fight. Had he been stronger and better trained he might have put up a better contest. Duggan and I have signed articles to box twenty-five rounds at Lord's Ground in Durban on Saturday afternoon, June 15, between the hours of three and four p.m. It will be an open-air contest, and a novelty out here. We box for £200 a-side, open to £500, for the championship of South Africa. I have started training at Mr. Clarke's old English hostelry at Kettlefontein. You will naturally ask me where the devil that place is. It is situated about five miles from Maritzburg, the capital or seat of government of Natal—in fact, it is on the mountains. I like the high country to train. It is a snug little place, and very healthy, and the people are very homelike, and do their utmost to make us comfortable. "Old Nobby," or Mr. Clarke—never a Clarke without the appellation of "Nobby" to his name—is a very old resident, in fact he was soldiering in the Zulu war and the Boer war of '81, and in the evening when the work is done for the day, "Nobby" tells us some of his adventures by flood and field. Rider Haggard would envy him. Mrs. Clarke plays and sings to us to pass away the evening. The slavey who hands the dishes round the table is a new arrival from the land of cakes, who sings also, and last, but not least, the nurse, a coal black Venus, and four children, myself, and Mr. Pat Kelly, a young man who will be heard of as a boxer of no mean repute, who acts as companion and trainer, that constitutes the household. Of course we have plenty of callers, customers, and visitors. Old Jack Barnett, of Australia, who trained Slavin, Goddard, and some of the best of them in Australia, is here, and looks me up occasionally; in fact we came to this country together, old Jem Burge, and myself in the palmy days of the Rand, Old Burge has gone back to his old business with the pick and shovel. I am the oldest imported fighter in the country. Poor Couper is no more, and my bosom companion, the late Jemmy Murphy, one of the cleverest little men who ever put his hands up, who defeated all the South African light-weights, including Barney Malone, Jem Holloway, "Iron Bark" Burge, and others, has departed this life. Owney Sullivan I have not seen or heard from or of him for a long time. I hope he his alive and well, with a bit of "oof" to boot. There are several other subjects with regard to English amateurs and men who teach how to avoid the knock-out punch. Corbett, Fitzsimmons, McCoy, Sharkey, Peter Maher, Geo. Dixon, "Ped." Palmer, Frank Erne, and hosts of other top notches don't seem to have solved the question up to date. If a man can find a remedy against getting fatigued or groggy then he will have a better chance to keep his nut or chin out of the other fellow's way. I must now bring this long epistle to a close.

I have taken the trouble of writing this long letter to let you know the true state of things connected with boxing. Whether I am returned the champion on June 15 or put ex to my name I still hold the confidence of the sporting public. I have not been mixed up in any fakes, &c., up to date.

FINISH FIGHT IN NEW YORK.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1901.—Nine men were sitting in a restaurant near Longacre Square, Friday, when one suggested that a six rounds fight would fill in an hour. The rest of the party agreed, but asked where the fighting material was to be found. "That's all right," said the first speaker, "we'll chip in 5dols. apiece. I know two men who will earn the money." Each of the nine contributed 5dols. Another person sitting near wanted to go along, and he made the purse 50dols. The leader took the party to a stable within a few hundred yards of the restaurant. The last man who had joined the party was known to the others as "Bookie." He had evidently eaten a very good dinner, and, feeling sleepy, climbed into a carriage in the stable, and before the fighters appeared was sound asleep. The two fighters were well matched. It was explained to them that the fight was to be for six rounds, and that the winner would get 50dols and the loser nothing. The fight was conducted according to Queensberry rules. From the start it was evident that it could not last six rounds. They went at each other like two McGoverns, and in the fifth round one of them was knocked out. In an hour after the party had left the restaurant they returned to it. The stable had been put in order. The victor and the beaten one had disappeared, and the men who had seen the fight were discussing the merits of the fighters when some one remarked, "Where's 'Bookie'?" Nobody knew. The evening wore on, and just about midnight a rather dishevelled looking personage walked in. It was "Bookie." "I want my money back," he said. "Why?" was the general inquiry. "Because," he said, "there was no fight." "Oh, yes, there was," exclaimed everybody at once, "and a good fight, too." "Bookie" refused to believe this, and amidst the roars of the party it was discovered that the man who had selected the carriage for his seat had slept through the proceedings. He did not get his money back.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM C. Bryant, South Africa, a well-known boxer, addressed to Bill Ham, has been forwarded us for publication:—

May 28, 1901.

DEAR BILL—Just a few lines to let you know of the bad luck we have had lately, the saddest of all to you will be, no doubt, to hear of poor Bob Wenn. Well poor old Bob got shot yesterday morning, he was shot straight through the chest, and died on the spot, and you know Jack Ridge, he died last night, he was wounded in four places, and the one that proved fatal was one he got in the stomach, the others that copped out you would not know, as they are youngsters. I suppose you have heard by this time of Bobby Hart, Dick Heanes, Lavers, Jock Banks, well those poor chaps got killed on the 17th of last month, there were two or three more fellows got killed the same time, but you wouldn't know them. This is the worst part of the war, we go trekking about for weeks, and never see any Boers, and all of a sudden you fall on top of them, and the b——— let you get well in about 10 yards, before they fire. It's like this, Bill, they let you get on top of them and shout hands up, but it don't work with the old corps, it might work with the I.Y.'s. If you was to see the regiment you wouldn't know half the chaps. I haven't got any more to say at present, and I will close with best wishes from your sincere chum,

C. B.

Tptr. C. BRYANT,
C. Squad., 9th Lancers.
S. Africa.

TED WOOD INFORMS ANDREW Wood, of Gateshead, that if he means boxing, not swanking, he will match Bill Lampshire, of Islington, to box him twenty rounds at 8st 4lb, for £25 a-side and best purse offered in Newcastle. Ted Wood hopes the Newcastle lad will come to terms after his bold challenges of late, as he has no excuse now for not making a match, especially as Lampshire will box him in Newcastle. An early answer will oblige.

HEARING THERE ARE SO MANY 9st boxers in Wolston and Southampton, G. Blake would like to match his novice with any of them at 9st and 9st 2lb, for £1 to £5. An early answer will oblige.

BOXING AT ROCHESTER.

ARTHUR LOCK, THE RETIRED 9st 10lb champion, has lately taken up his abode at Rochester, near Chatham, and last Wednesday he staged the first of a series of boxing shows at the Victoria Hall, Rochester. The hall is a spacious building, that reminds one of the North London Club, Rodney Street, Pentonville, and though the boxing was good the same cannot be said of the attendance. Lock met the boxers at London Bridge station, and they went down by the 5.5 train. A few stoppages caused the journey to take about 1¼ hours, but before the advertised time to open (7 o'clock) everything was in perfect order. A. J. Francis was down to compete with Walter Eyles, but sent a wire regretting, through an accident, his ability to attend. The show was over in time to catch the 10.42 train back to London, and during the railway journey everyone enjoyed himself. Singing was started as soon as the train began to get into motion, and the "Macs," Jack Grant, and Bill Stonelake were the chief vocalists. Brummy also obliged with a couple of ditties, *and they were ditties*, while the best song was that of George Pearce, "The Song of the Thrush." George, eager to witness the only boxing show on, had travelled down on his bike, and started training for the Catford Club hill climbing contest that takes place in a couple of weeks. The representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE officiated as referee, and "Brummy" Meadows as timekeeper and M.C., while the men were attended by Walter Eyles and Matt Dunn. The first contest was one of eight rounds between Bill Cole (Peckham) and Fred Francis (Mile End). These lads went at it as if they wanted to end the battle before it had started, and punched as hard as possible. Cole used a straight left hand, and scored well, while his opponent continually swung both hands round the head and neck. The further they went the better, if it was possible, they boxed, and though Francis wiped off a lot of the back numbers Cole always was in front, and obtained the award. The next to enter the magic circle were Corporal Phillips (R.M.) and Fred Barkaway (Rochester), and they had to battle the best of six rounds. Directly the word to advance was given the last-named started to work by sending out a feeler, and then he sent a flush right-hander on the frontispiece. Barkaway did all the leading, and left off with the lead when time was called. This he added to at the next meeting, but in the third round Phillips pulled himself together, and scored fast. Our representative has witnessed both of them spar in much better form, and the further they went weight (Barkaway was about a stone the heavier) began to tell, and in the fifth round Barkaway sent the right on the point, staggering his opponent, and to save accidents the referee stopped the contest and declared Barkaway the winner. Arthur Lock and Mr. Sawyer were the next to exhibit their skill, and the professor took no liberties with his pupil in a three rounds exhibition bout. The next item on the programme was a six rounds contest between Bill Stonelake (Clerkenwell) and Jack Grant (London, late of Birmingham), and the spectators settled themselves down to witness something out of the common. Stonelake is a lad who is rapidly coming to the front, and there are few of the bantam brigade able to take his number down. His rival is a rare glutton for punishment, and in spite of a hiding that would have made many men retire, he stuck to his work. So game was he that even Stonelake held aloof when he found his man was weakening, though he kept banging away with his left, adding to his score. Grant was playing a losing game, but kept at it until the end, when the verdict was "Stonelake." Walter Eyles (Islington) was billed to meet A. J. Francis (Bath), but the latter was unable to appear owing to an accident, but he sparred four rounds with Bob Ford (H.M.S. Gleaner). The latter improves every time he boxes, and a splendid exhibition was seen from start to finish. Mr. Jackson (Gravesend) and Bill Adams (H.M.S. Pembroke) delighted those in front with a three rounds display, showing every point in the art of hit, stop, and get away, after which the final contest of the evening was staged. Joe Barrett (Clerkenwell) and "Sailor" Richardson (Lambeth) fought for supremacy, and from start to finish kept the assembly interested. Barrett's well-known scientific boxing soon gave him the advantage, and sparring cleverly he held a slight lead when they retired. Richardson soon began to get warm, and with Barrett eager for a fight they joined in a fierce rally. Barrett's head work gained him a round of applause, and first one and then the other had the best of matters, and the referee could not separate them at the close, and the verdict was a draw.

SMITH v. HUCKER, OF GREENOCK.—In reference to the boxing contest between Smith and Hucker (both of Greenock), Andrew Bryceland, secretary Miners' Association, is instructed by his club to state that they are prepared to give a purse if the men can come to terms for a contest to take place in about four weeks' time, both men to have a side stake. Tom Holland, 9st champion of Scotland, will be pleased to box the winner of the Martin v. Hamilton contest.

ARTIE SIMMS
KNOCKS OUT
JACK HAMILTON.
(Special Report.)

AKRON, OHIO, JUNE 12.—ON MONday evening Artie Simms, who recently arrived from England, knocked out Jack Hamilton, of Troy, in the tenth round. The bout was called at ten o'clock. In Hamilton's corner were Billy Corcoran, Frank Davy, John Faragher, and Jemmy Dime. Simms's seconds were Billy Stevens, Frank Cassidy, and Jack Palmer. The men agreed to fight straight Marquis of Queensberry rules. At the tap of the bell the men met in the centre of the ring. Simms opened with a rush, landing right and left on Hamilton's jaw. Hamilton looked surprised, and before he recovered from his astonishment Art had landed a stiff right on his wind. Jack swung wildly and was rushed around the ring, Simms landing a stiff uppercut on his jaw. It looked bad for Jack, and seemed that he would surely be all in at the end of the second. Round 2. Both men came up strong, and Simms opened the round by leading for Jack's jaw. It was cleverly blocked, and a moment later Art ducked a vicious swing aimed at his jaw. Two uppercuts in quick succession made Jack look tired, and a left jab in the mouth split his lip. He fought hard though, and landed a couple of body blows that were beauties. He could not locate Simms's jaw, and took all kinds of punishment trying to do it. In trying to get out of a clinch Art wrestled Jack to the floor, and then helped him to his feet. Round 3. The third round was as fast as the second, both men fighting all the time. Early in the round Art opened the cut on Jack's lip, and in the clinches upper-cut him several times. Jack's lands for the jaw were short, and he was evidently bewildered by the fast fighting of the Akron man. Round 4. Hamilton came back strong, and kept up his attempts to land on Art's jaw. Art's judgment of distance was never better and he found Jack's jaw with apparent ease. Hamilton took all kinds of punishment. His mouth was bleeding badly at the bell. Round 5. Hamilton came up with surprising strength and cleverness. He was getting on to Art's style, and blocked and ducked cleverly. He landed a stiff left on the jaw, and a moment later received one in return. A stiff punch in the wind caused Art to clinch, and in the break-away he upper-cut Jack heavily with his right. They were sparring at the bell. Round 6. Hamilton was still strong, despite the punishment he had received. A stiff right and left on the jaw having no apparent effect, Art began to play for the wind, and landed several stiff punches. Jack forced Art to the ropes, but failed to land effectively. Jack's mouth was again cut open. Round 7. Jack was very tired in the seventh, and his blows lacked steam. Art also seemed tired, but he again and again landed heavily on the wind. Round 8. Hamilton came up strong, and landed a stiff left on Simms's jaw. Art still played for the wind, and his right and left hooks found Jack's sore mouth and jaw. The round ended in a clinch. Round 9. The incessant hammering in the stomach was beginning to tell on Jack, and he seemed unable to protect himself. He swung almost incessantly, but Simms wasn't there. Round 10. Jack was tiring fast, while Simms seemed fresh as a daisy. He landed almost at will. Jack kept swinging, but he couldn't land effectively. In desperation he rushed Art, who side-stepped him, and as he recovered and turned Art swung heavily with his right, sending Jack to the floor. He was up at the count, and another swing from Art's good right arm square on the jaw sent Jack to the floor for the fatal count. It was a clean knock-down. At the count of nine Hamilton attempted to rise, but rolled over helpless. Referee McKean gave the verdict to Simms.

E. GERAGHTY, HICKLETON, V. "Tich" Elliott, Darfield.—About three weeks ago "Tich" Elliott, of Darfield, and E. Geraghty, Hickleton, signed articles to contest the best of twenty rounds at catch-weight for £25 a-side and best purse offered. No offers of a substantial purse were forthcoming until the past week, when the manager of the City Boxing Club, Sheffield made an offer of £20, which has been accepted, and the contest will take place at the City Boxing Club on Saturday, June 29. Both men are in strict training, Geraghty being under the care of Joe Williams, sen., near Rotherham, whilst Elliott is located at the Recreation Grounds, Eckington. Both men are reported to be in the best condition, and a stubborn battle is expected. Geraghty is in the best of health, and will enter the ring at 9st 10lb, and will be seconded by his trainer, Joe Williams, sen., Joe Williams (7st champion of England), and Dudley Long, of Rotherham.

DEATH OF A BOXER.—THE MANY friends of Harry "Doctor" Bloomfield will regret to hear that he succumbed to an attack of congestion of the lungs in the Epsom Infirmary. The funeral took place at Epsom Cemetery on Thursday last at 2.30 p.m.

BOXING AT KETTERING.

EVERY SEAT IN VICTORIA HALL, Kettering, had an occupant on Saturday night. The attraction was a ten rounds contest between Tom Miller, of Burton Latimer, and Septimus Drage, of Finedon. They contended for £20 and a purse, and 8oz gloves were used. Had they weighed but 4oz, the affair would not have lasted more than one round. The most perfect arrangements were made, and great credit is due to those gentlemen who formed the committee. The head-quarters were the Peacock Hotel, where Mr. Shulthorpe and Mrs. Shulthorpe made every one comfortable. The programme presented was made up of one or two exhibition boxing bouts, a 9st 6lb competition, and the match between Miller and Drage. The first-named was almost two stone heavier than Drage. The comparison was: Miller, 10st 12lb; Drage, 9st. The first item on the list was an exhibition spar between T. Bush and H. Aldridge. This was of three rounds. During the evening there was another piece of exhibition boxing. This was more like a competition, as it lasted six rounds. The principals were J. Oldham and C. Sheppard. The remainder of the programme was made up of a 9st 6lb competition, a six rounds contest, and the ten rounds set-to between Septimus Drage and Tom Miller. Details appended: 9st 6lb Competition: E. Dixon won by default, Bailey not contending. The latter, however, sparred the bye with Dixon. H. Ellmore beat E. Chaplin.—The winner overstood his antagonist by several inches. His extra reach enabled him to do the more scoring, and he won in a couple of rounds. S. Hughes beat H. Stapleton.—This meeting lasted but two rounds. It was very even for two minutes. First one and then the other was almost out. D. Haddon beat J. Maycock.—This went more than the three full rounds, and Haddon won on points. An extra round had to be ordered. Second Series: Dixon beat Ellmore.—Dixon gradually took the lead. In the third round he sent Ellmore down three times. Haddon withdrawing, Hughes sparred the bye with H. Aldridge. Final Bout: Hughes beat Dixon.—This was almost over as soon as it had commenced. There were a few passes, and Hughes landed a couple of light blows. In trying to dodge his man Dixon trod on the loose sole of his shoe and went to the floor. As he fell his head struck the ground. The fall rendered him insensible. He was carried to his corner, but it took some time to revive him. Six Rounds Contest: J. Colson beat G. Dix.—This was very sharp during the two rounds that were contended. Colson hit the straighter and the harder of the twain, and gradually took the lead. Halfway through the second round Dix went to the floor from a right-hander on the side of the head. He remained down until he was counted out. Ten Rounds Contest: Tom Miller beat Septimus Drage.—Round 1. The exchanges were very heavy, and mainly in the favour of Miller, who used his left straight and hard in his adversary's face. One or two of his swinging right-handers on the side of the head shook Drage up very much. He was sent down twice by them. Had the gloves been 4oz instead of 8oz, the battle would have been ended inside of two minutes. Round 2. Drage pulled himself together wonderfully. Miller had the best of the first minute, and then Drage did some very rapid scoring with both hands. When the combatants were at close quarters the boxing was fast and heavy. Honours were easy when the pair sat down. Round 3. The same may be said of this meeting. First one took the lead, then the other had the advantage. Miller had the best of the boxing at long range, but when they got close together Drage was very busy. Round 4. This time Miller had the best of the points. He punished Drage so much that he clinched several times, while Miller punched away with both hands. Round 5. This was a very even bout. It was punch for punch, and when the gong sounded there was very little to pick between the combatants. Rounds 6 to 10. Miller gradually took the lead, and towards the end of the combat he scored many blows with his left hand. It was straight and hard in the face. In the last three rounds Miller landed many blows without a return. Sometimes he scored six times before Drage could land a blow. Miller was eventually declared the winner. He was the favourite, and many private bets were made at 6 to 4 on him.

YOUNG WILL STEWARD, 9st 10lb champion of Norwich, is willing to box any lad in West Hartlepool at 8st 10lb from £10 to £20 a-side, and the best purse offered in Newcastle. Failing anyone in West Hartlepool, R. Murray, of Hackney, or W. Gale, of Fulham, or Will Evans, Dumbartonshire, can be accommodated on the same terms.

JACK PALMER
KNOCKS OUT
LACHIE THOMSON.

AT NEWCASTLE LAST MONDAY night, Jack Palmer knocked out Lachie Thomson in the fifth round. It was half-past nine when Palmer entered the ring; Thomson followed a moment later. First round: A long spar being followed by a left lead by Palmer, which landed heavily on the body, and made Lachie wince. Palmer then tried the right, and got home on the face. Soon afterwards Palmer grazed Thomson's jaw with the right, and sent him reeling. He followed up with several blows with the left, but the end came with Thomson on his feet. It was all Palmer's round. In the second round Thomson got home lightly in the wind, and then Palmer missed a right lead. Lachie then tried with the right for the kidneys, with success. A sharp right hook on the jaw followed by Palmer, but Thomson countered the next. Palmer then scored heavily with both hands, Lachie seeming to wait for a chance right. Once he just missed, but the round ended with Palmer forcing the work near the ropes. The third round saw Palmer lead off, and land another stinging left in the wind. He then scored heavily against the ropes, but a moment later took a hard one in the wind. Palmer again got home a lot of body punches, and, with two clips with the right on the jaw, had Thomson groggy. Still, the latter held out, his right being dangerous up to the end of the round. Round four opened with Thompson landing in the wind, then bumping with his shoulder, for which he was warned. Palmer next scored with succession of lefts, and soon had Lachie reeling. He was knocked clean off the elevated ring with a wind punch, but fought well on resuming, till he was knocked down with the left, and lay until the gong went. In the fifth round Thomson landed the left in the wind, and then a swinging left on the eye. He had the better of the exchanges for a while, till Palmer came again with straight lefts, which weakened the Scotchman. Thomson held out well for a time, till he dropped to the boards and lay until counted out. Thomson was seconded by Johnny Boyle, John McShane, and J. Lundy, while Palmer had in his corner Bob Ryan, Tim Murphy, Andrew Tokel, and Bob O'Neil. Mr. T. Lumley was timekeeper.

JOE GODDARD.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A LETTER from Mr. Smith, who informs us that "poor old Joe has no intention of coming to England. The ex-Barrier Champion is fairly well to do, and as Joe is nearly forty years of age his fighting days are over.

"Another chap from down under, Jimmy Anthony, who was here several years ago, has posted a forfeit at San Francisco to meet Terry McGovern. Anthony was formerly the bantam champion of the Antipodes.

"'Spider' Kelly, who came east a few months ago with Tom Sharkey, has been matched to box an unknown at San Francisco the latter part of this month. Kelly intends to visit England next fall.

"Take a tip from me, and look out for the blue and red striped boys at Henley."

CONTEST IN LEEDS.—THE LEEDS and County Athletic Club was crowded to excess last Monday evening, when Joe Sykes (Wakefield) and Jem Long (Leeds) met to box twenty rounds of two minutes' duration, for £10 a-side and a purse of £10. Long, who was giving both height and weight away, forced the fighting from the outset, and had had much the best of the contest when, in the third round, he sent his opponent to the boards with a swinging blow on the jaw, Sykes being counted out after being hopelessly outclassed.

DEATH OF A BOXER.—THE TRIAL of the ten defendants charged in connection with the fatal boxing contest at the National Sporting Club on April 22 will not take place at the Old Bailey until Thursday or Friday this week. Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., has been retained for the defence, with Mr. Charles W. Mathews, Mr. Guy Stevenson, and Mr. Angus Lewis.

I, COCKNEY, OF YNYSHIR, WILL fight Morgan Williams, of Abercynon (alias Kehoe), and will concede him 10lb in weight, with or without gloves, for £10, open for £20 a-side.

BOXING IN BIRMINGHAM.—JEM Mace has two competitions coming off next Friday and Saturday for the Birmingham races, at his show, the Black Lion, Coleshill Street—10st championship of the Midlands and 8st championship of the Midlands; £10 10s. silver cup for each event and a £3 3s. marble timepiece for runner up in each event. Prizes won right out.

JEM HOLLOWAY AND "YOUNG" Kelly meet in Liverpool on July 1 to box the best of twelve rounds for a £5 trophy and the 9st amateur championship of Liverpool.

BILL HEFFERNAN, OF S. AFRICA, sends his best regards to the proprietors MIRROR OF LIFE, Jemmy Lowes, "Tot" Landreth, Mr. Thwaites, of Covent Garden, Sam Brown, and all sports with whom he came in contact while in this country.

JOE HANDLER
DEFEATS
"SPIKE" SULLIVAN.
(Special Report.)

TRENTON, N.J., JUNE 12. THERE is woe in the Irish colonies, for "Spike" Sullivan has been beaten. His conqueror was none other than Joe Handler, despised by all who claim a knowledge of the abilities of the fighting aggregation. It required just seventeen rounds for Handler to show that he was Sullivan's superior, and when that time had elapsed "Spike" was so much to the bad that his brother Dave jumped into the ring and saved him the humiliation of being laid unconscious. The scene of "Spike's" beating was at the Trenton A.C., Monday night. There were not more than a few hundred of the thousand or more spectators present who believed the Irishman was going to his defeat when he entered the ring. Accordingly the money that was wagered on the mill showed "Spike" favourite at almost prohibitive odds. But the bout was another story. Handler sailed into "Spike" from the start, gave as good as he received, and was going easily when the gong announced the finish of the first round. Sullivan was just a bit out. When the second started "Spike" was sent to the floor, and from then on it was Handler all the way. But "Spike's" jabs did some injury to Handler's face, and so did the Newark man's punches discolour Sullivan. Handler was winning easily, and when the seventeenth round began "Spike" was tired. Handler dealt out rights and lefts ad lib., and one had all the ear marks of a finisher when Dave jumped into the ring and forfeited the fight.

BOXING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES THAT guarding Boer prisoners is anything but a pleasant job, so to relieve the dull monotony of the duty resort was made to boxing, when a very successful entertainment was held at Simonstown on May 29. Details:—Four Rounds Contest: Drummer J. Conway beat Drummer J. Reardon. Six Rounds Contest: Private Mason beat Lance-Corporal Smith.—This was a very close bout, Mason only winning by a very narrow margin of points. In a four rounds display between Drummer Alcock and Private Kelly a most comical scene was witnessed—a scene which was very much relished by the onlookers. Six Rounds Contest: Private Lyons beat Private McNammarra.—McNammarra held out his hand in token of defeat after four rounds were contested, being well handicapped in weight and reach. Four Rounds Display: Drummer D. Ray and Private Crowley.—A very scientific display. Grand wind up between Private Bishop and Private J. Fitz, which brought the entertainment to a successful conclusion. Officials: M.C., Sergeant Major; Drum Major Con Sullivan clocked the seconds; seconds, Drummer J. Smith and Lance-Corporal Brice of the Queens.

LORD WOLSELEY LIKES BOXING.—In presenting prizes at Leys School, Cambridge, on Thursday, Viscount Wolseley said he delighted when a boy in fencing and single-stick, and, what perhaps every mother would not agree with, he was very fond of boxing. He was not always successful, and it did not always improve his personal appearance, as he many times went away with a disturbed nose and a black eye. He recalled those facts because they taught something. These games taught one to take punishment pleasantly and like a man, because whatever their lot in life there were always disappointments.

DEATH OF A BOXER AND SCULLER.—It is with sincere regret we have to announce the death of Bill Hudson, a well-known boxer and sculler, who passed away after a very painful illness. At each of the sports named he showed more than average ability. Of late years he has been occupied as trainer and second. The funeral took place on Saturday at Wickham Lane Cemetery, Plumstead, the cortège leaving deceased's late residence, No. 1, Surgeon Street, Woolwich, at three o'clock.

HEARING SO MUCH OF RALPH Lawler, of H.M.S. Audacious, Tom Stent, of H.M.S. Pembroke, is willing to box him four to six rounds from one quid upwards at 8st 7lb, give or take two to three pounds, if any gentleman will give a suitable purse worth boxing for. Box with six ounce gloves in a month's time if this leads to business. An early answer will oblige.

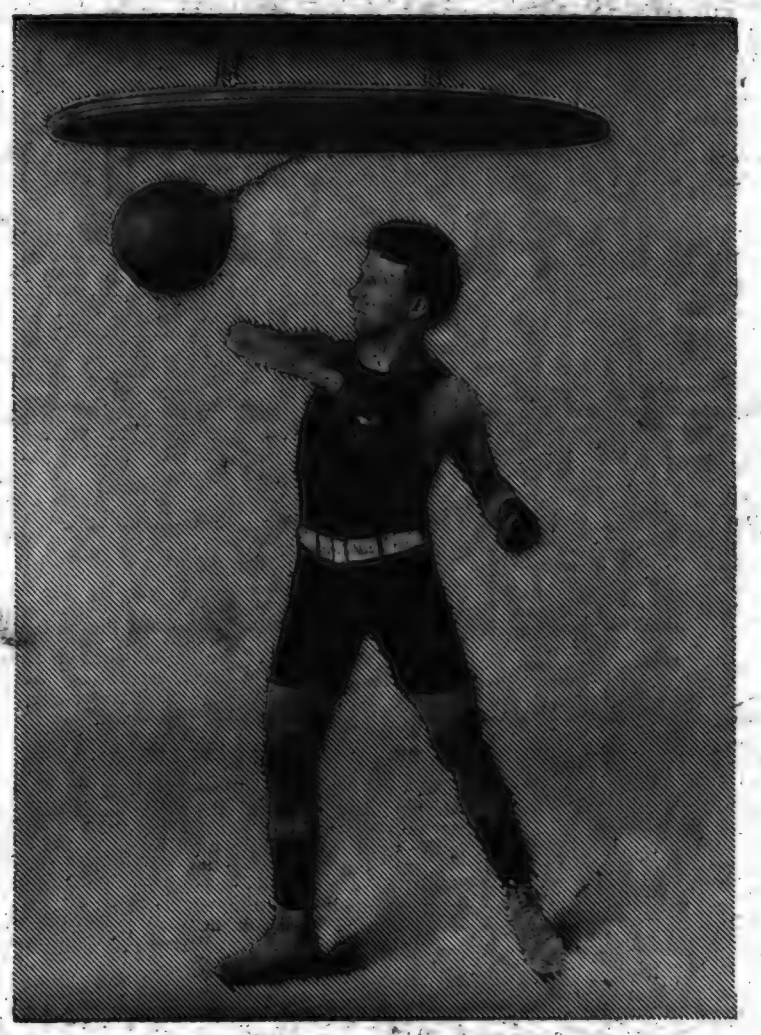
"NATTY" WILLIAMS TO THE World at 7st.—Williams is open to make a match with any lad in the world at 7st, give or take 2lb, for £25 to £50 a-side, and the best purse offered. Anybody wishing for a match can be accommodated by placing a deposit with THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

J. McLOOKLING, A.B., H.M.S. PEMbroke, would like to box Steve Cooper, of Brick Lane, any number of rounds if any boxing promoter would give a purse. An answer will oblige.

WILL JACK FAIRCLOUGH FORWARD his address to Charley Knock, 16, Mount Street, Chapel Street, Stratford, Essex?

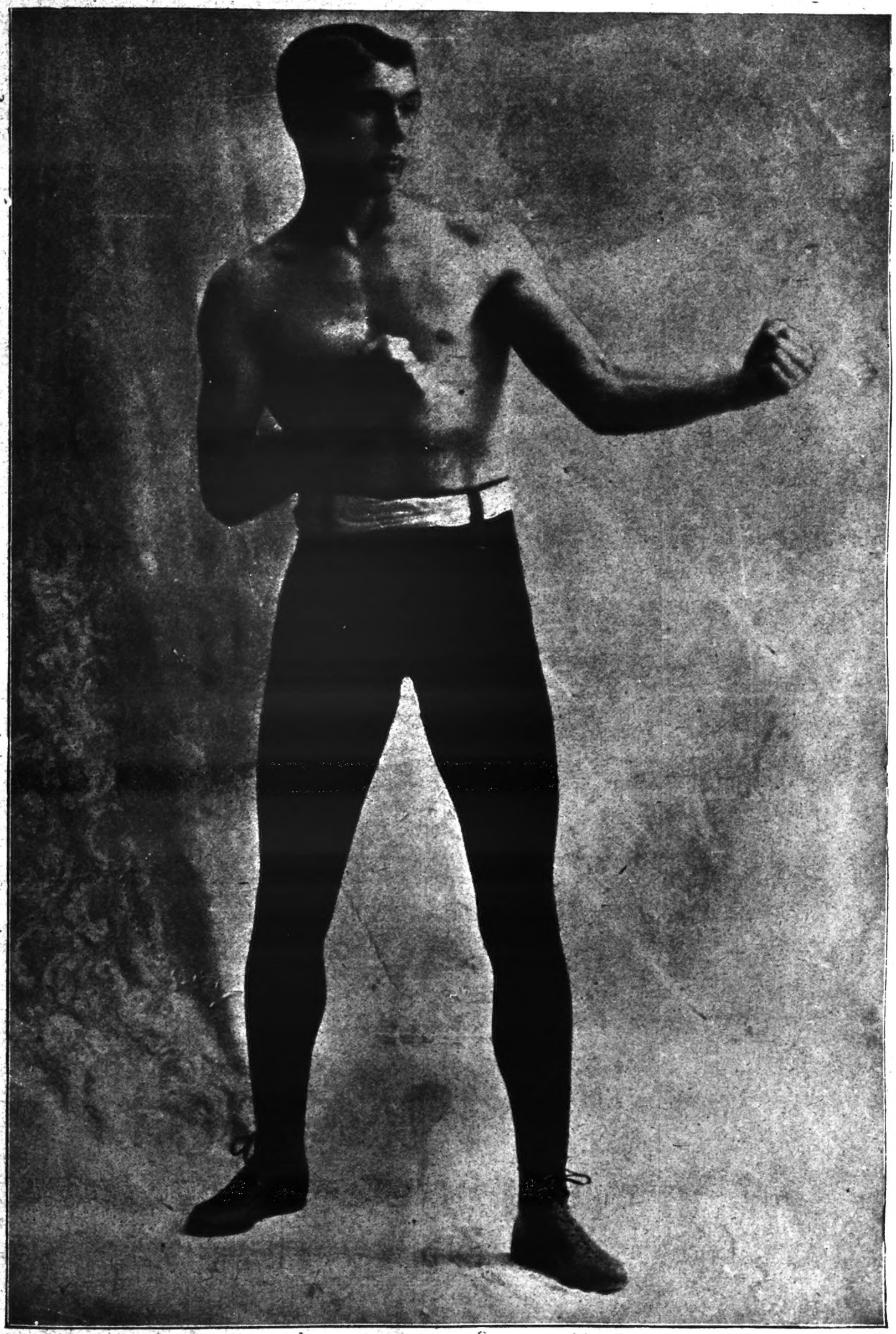
(*Continued on page* 14.)

ANNIE OAKLEY,
Little Sure Shot, who is Travelling with Buffalo Bill.



LOUIS GEISLER,
Champion Ball Puncher, Now Appearing at the London Music Halls.

THIEVES ATTEMPT TO DESECRATE AND ROB A GRAVE.
The Gang Surprised, and One Mortally Wounded.



WILLIAM J. "SPIKE" SULLIVAN,

Who was Defeated in Seventeen Rounds by Joe Handler at the Athletic Club, Trenton, New Jersey, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 11.)

TOM SHARKEY AND HIS MOTHER.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 17. — THE proudest and most bewildered woman in Greater New York sat at a window in a handsome home in Sheepshead Bay yesterday, and gazed out into the fog. There was moisture on the window-panes and moisture in her eyes. She saw the trees and flowers through a blurr. Nothing but the touch of a big hard hand, the hand of Tom Sharkey, her pugilist son, assured her that she was not in the midst of a pleasant dream. In reality it was the culmination of a dream of years. When Tom Sharkey began his pugilistic career he set his mind on one object—to establish a home in this country for the old father and mother away back in Ireland. To this purpose he has held with unswerving fidelity. While other knights of the boxing glove were spending their enormous earnings in consistent endeavour to reduce the visible supply of champagne and wreck their constitutions, the sailor put his money in the savings bank, and gained the reputation of being what sporting men call a "grouch." I visited Sharkey at his home in Sheepshead Bay, when he was training for his fight with Ruhlin. With obvious pride Tom showed his visitor through his home, from the cellar to the garret. One room, neatly furnished, on the second floor, was the last one visited. "This room," said Tom, simply, "is my mother's room. Nobody ever slept in it yet, and nobody's going to until she comes. I have been trying to get her here for a long time, but she is an old woman, and hates to take an ocean trip. But she'll come some day. When she does, this house and everything in it is hers. My father and mother have had a hard time in life, but they'll be comfortable here in their old age." A short time ago Mrs. Sharkey yielded to the solicitations of her husband and her son, and crossed the dreaded ocean. She arrived last Saturday, and ever since she set foot on the soil of the United States she has been in an enjoyable trance. "I'd never have believed it," said Mrs. Sharkey to-day. "My husband came over a year ago and saw Tom. When he got back and told me about the fine house and the horses and the garden I couldn't think it was the truth. When he told me Tom was acting on the stage I felt sure he was blarneying me. But they showed me the papers and the pictures, and still it didn't seem as though it could be true. I can hardly believe it now, with it all in front of my eyes." Mrs. Sharkey, although sixty-three years old, is vigorous and alert. She has many of the characteristics of her powerful son. She has the proud record of having given birth to eighteen children. Five of them are alive, and four of them are with her to-day under the roof of Tom's Sheepshead Bay home. When I began to talk with Mrs. Sharkey the son who had made her so happy was in the room. He blushed like a schoolboy when she spoke of his devotion to her, and soon got up and fairly ran out of the room. "He was always like that," said the old mother, smiling through her tears. "He has a good heart, and he can't bear to hear himself praised. When we tell him how good he is he pretends to get angry, and says that it was coming to us. Was he a fighter when he was a boy? He was a fighter when he was a baby. When he was ten years old he had whipped every boy up to fifteen years old in Dundalk. He was always very strong, and he liked to have his own way. Our family was large, and before Tom was very old he took no satisfaction in his home. There was no chance for him to make anything of himself in Dundalk. He wanted to be a sailor and go to foreign countries. Even when he was a little fellow he wanted to come to America. Many of the people we knew had crossed the ocean, and they wrote grand letters back to this country. Tom always liked to hear about New York and the United States. I must say for Tom that he was always a good boy to his parents. He was obedient and gentle with the other children. The only thing the matter with him was the wandering foot. He would never be contented in a little place like Dundalk. His favourite sister was Rose, who has been here with him for nearly three years, and when he went away to sea when he was eleven years old she was the only one he told about it. After he got to be a sailor we didn't hear often from him. We would hear that he was away off on the other side of the world in places I never heard of, and then he would near home again. But he never came home. He always said he would stay away until his fortune was made. A few years ago we heard that he had become a fighter. My heart was nearly broken. When he was a sailor he sent home a little money sometimes, but after he got to be such a great fighter he sent home large amounts. But I'd rather he stuck to his ship, because I don't like the idea of men fighting for money. And even though I don't I couldn't help feeling proud of him when the word came to Dundalk that he was one of the greatest fighters in the world. It has been five years gone now when he first asked us to come out. He said he would buy a home for us and keep us comfortable. I hated to leave Ireland, and said that when he had bought the home I would think about it. Then he bought this beautiful home, and he has begged so hard with me that I had to come. I'm glad now that I'm with him in this beautiful house. Tom has lots of money. He saved it for us, and he's far happier than if he had squandered it. We went to mass with him yesterday, and I was that confused with all the people looking at us that I had to cry. He's a good boy, Tom, and has done much for his old father and mother. I have asked him to do one thing more for us. I want him to quit fighting, but he hasn't promised me yet. Rose says that he wants to fight once more with some terrible man over here. If he will have it I won't stop him, and I hope he'll whip him, but I'd rather he would never fight again." Out in the garden the elder Sharkey puddled about in the rain, supremely happy. Tom could be seen at the door of the barn, giving directions to the stable boy about the care of his horse. In the kitchen the sister, Rose, sang at the top of her voice, and upstairs another married sister crooned a lullaby to her baby. As the reporter went away through the mist he looked back and saw the old lady sitting at her window gazing out and wondering at her own happiness. It is about up to the men who called Tom Sharkey a "grouch" to take off their hats to him.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

9st NOVICES' COMPETITION.—Semi-final Bouts: Tom Oulds (Rotherhithe) beat Bert Gaylor. Jem Houghton (Mile End) a bye, sparred with Bill Pike (Leytonstone). Final Bout: Houghton beat Oulds. Six Rounds Contests: Sam Cook (Mile End) beat "Jumbo" Aarons (Mile End). Nat Keyser (Spitalfields) beat Jack Lewis (America).—An unsatisfactory bout. Jack Fitzpatrick (Canning Town) beat Charley Smirks (Lambeth). Tom King (Aldgate) v. Jem Kendrick (Hackney).—A pretty level contest resulted in a draw. Harry Dixon, alias Slounch (Stepney) beat "Kid" Legrange (Chicago). Joe Barrett (Clerkenwell) beat George Corfield (Sheffield).—Barrett gained the easiest victory of the evening. Subsequently it was announced that the loser was in no condition for a contest. Consequently the promoters should receive credit for allowing the public to witness such a *grand* contest. Johnny Daly, a brother of Pat Daly, had a four rounds trial with Curley, of Aldgate.

BOXING AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Professor McArthur and his merry men held their final show for the season, at the Circus, Lynn Street, on Saturday night. The competitions being under the auspices of the West Hartlepool Gymnasium a crowded and appreciative audience was drawn together. The star turn of the evening was the contest between Harry Smith (Birmingham) and Esau Lee (South Shields), Smith laying £25 to £20 that he would stop Lee inside fifteen rounds, the gymnasium putting up a purse of £25, making £70 in all. Both men are well-known exponents of the fistic art, Smith having stood fourteen rounds against Chrisp (Newcastle), whilst Lee's reputation is based upon his abilities as a performer with the unadorned. There was also an 8st 6lb competition—silver cup for first, and pair of field glasses for runner-up. This is always an interesting feature of the show, hard hitting and plenty of it being the motto of those young men. The Gymnasium Committee have every reason to be satisfied at the patronage received from the sportsmen of the Hartlepools, and, with the assistance of that energetic veteran, Professor McArthur, will try and make things hum during next season. Details:—8st 6lb Competition: Heat 1. Lynn beat Harvey. Heat 2: Boylen beat Duffy. Galbraith a bye. Semi-final: Boylen beat Lynn. Final: Boylen beat Galbraith. This was a capital contest, all through Boylen, the winner, a smart little fellow, displaying considerable knowledge of the game. An Eight Rounds Contest for a purse given by the gymnasium between two local youths—S. Mottram v. Thomas—went the full length, when the referee declared a draw. The tit-bit of the evening—Smith v. Lee—only lasted one and a half rounds, and was one of the worst displays of boxing ever seen in the Hartlepools. After the opening exchanges, of which Smith had the best, the affair developed into a slogging match. Halfway through the second round Lee was in such condition he could not stand. The referee stopped the contest, giving the decision to Smith. The officials were: Referee, Mr. Victor Layton, Newcastle; timekeeper, Mr. Alex Adamson; M.C., Mr. Robert Mottram.

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(Subject of Illustration.)

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THIEVES ATTEMPT TO DESECRATE AND ROB A GRAVE.

The Gang Surprised—One Mortally Wounded.

(Subject of Illustration.)

JUST outside the city of Naples in Italy stands the cemetery in which has recently been interred the body of a wealthy French countess, who was supposed to be buried with several expensive jewels, one diamond itself said to be worth three thousand pounds. This attracted some thieves, who went during the night to the grave, but the authorities received news of their intentions and went to the spot ready for armed resistance. A heavy storm was raging at the time, and arriving in time the police fired their revolvers at the thieves, wounding two, but one fell mortally, while several made their escape.

JUNO BURBANK WEDS.

The Idol of the New York Casino Marries a Millionaire.

(With Portrait.)

JUNO BURBANK, up to a short time ago the idol of the Casino audiences and the personally adored of the highest flying dozen of New York's knowing young men, has married Albert H. Moore, a millionaire of Philadelphia and New York. They have known each other for several years, but it was only four weeks ago that they went to New Jersey and were wed. When Mrs. Moore trod the boards in those Casino successes, "The Merry World," "The Passing Show," and the "Twentieth Century Girl," she was especially chummy with Helen Marlborough and Nina Farrington. They were, in fact, generally known as the "Big Three."

TED BUSHELL, OF LIVERPOOL, challenges anyone in Lancashire on the American one-string punch-ball, Pat Burke preferred, if any gentleman will put up a prize.

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HER GUARDIAN FAILED TO MAKE A CAPTURE.

The Lover Left by the Only Exit, he Popped out Through the Window.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths," this was so in the case of Nancy Glover, whose guardian declined to allow the lady to be approached by one particular gentleman whom she favoured, and kept her almost a prisoner within the house, but at dusk of evening the gallant Romeo would climb to the room of his lady love, and there spend the evening. Her guardian had his suspicion aroused, and on going quietly to her room listened, tried to open the door, but it was locked, and before he could gain admittance her lover had made good his departure through the window.

SENSATIONAL SCENE IN THE WEST-END.

Work Girls Remove the Door Plates and Depart with Them.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CURIOUS scene was witnessed in the West-end, where a party of girls were evidently bent on doing their best to wreck the premises. This occurred at a French costumiers, whose windows were broken and the door plates forcibly removed from their positions on the walls. The girls not being satisfied with pulling them down, one hailed a cab and departed with it as a trophy. It was evidently some business dispute as between employer and employees, the girls at this stage getting the best of the argument.

H. PEARCE,

A Clever Feather-weight who Hails from West Hartlepool.

(With Portrait.)

H. PEARCE, of West Hartlepool, the coming 9st 6lb champion of the North, started boxing about three years ago. Won the Fitzgerald Competition; won the "Coffee Cooler's" Competition; lost to T. Williamson; drew with "Gipsy" Lowther; beat "Gipsy" Lowther; won the 9st 6lb Championship of the Hartlepools, beat P. Grove in the final; beat M. Cochrane; beat J. Clark; beat J. Manning; lost to Bowman in the final of a competition, and beat D. Robertson in first heat; knocked out W. Liscombe, of South Shields, in seven rounds on April 6 in the Circus, West Hartlepool.

MURDER OVER A GAMBLING TRANSACTION.

Italians Fight with Knife and Revolver.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two Italians had a quarrel over a gambling transaction, and rose to their feet with angry words. John Camos, a tall, dark man, drew his revolver, while his opponent, Antonio Robinats, clutched his stiletto. Camos attempted to fire, but Antonio with a quick movement avoided the shot, and springing at his enemy's throat, plunged the dagger up to the hilt in Camos's breast, who fell dead at the feet of his murderer. In the excitement which followed, Antonio made good his escape, and so far has evaded capture.

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will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
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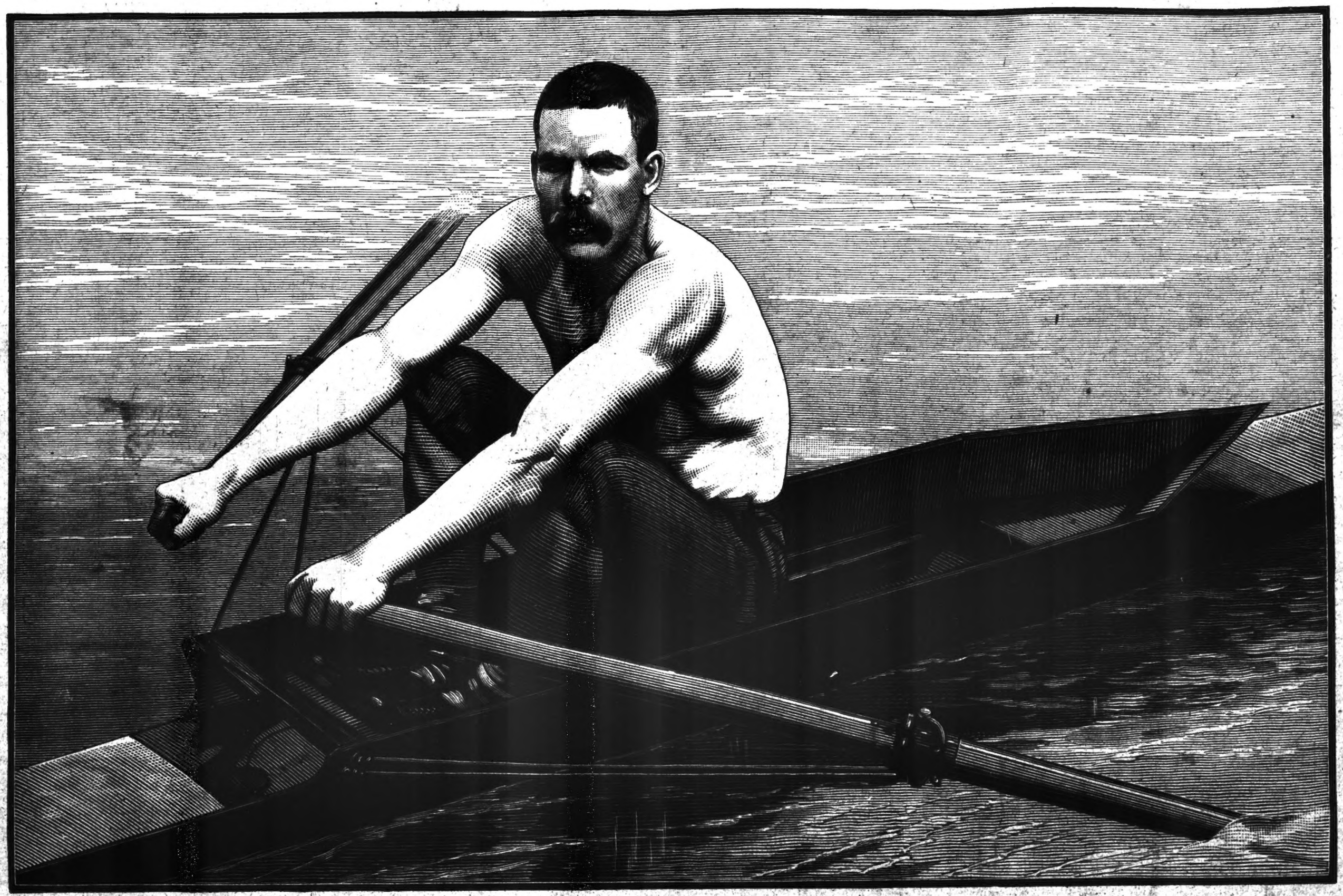

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